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Atlantic Insight

September 1979, Vol. 1 No. 6



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Mary Sun, Halifax, is the first Chinese Canadian ever to work for Canada's Embassy in Peking. China-watchers now watch Sun



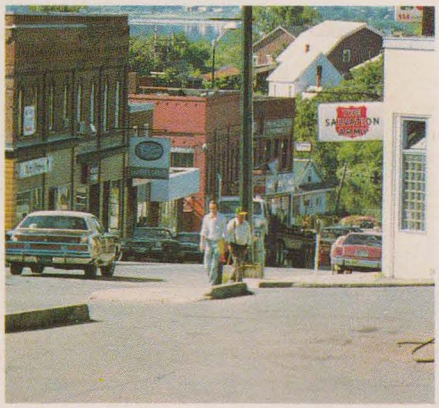
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Special Report: You may not stop worrying and learn to love nuclear energy, but you'll probably have to learn to live with it



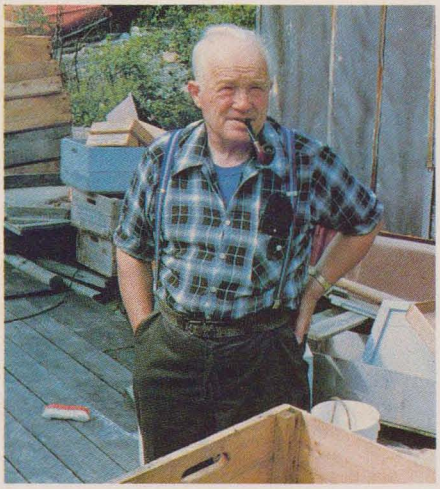
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Islander Marilyn Wells makes marvellous eats from shellfish we all ignore: The humble mussel. Yum



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Editor's Letter

Atlantic Canada is just a family affair

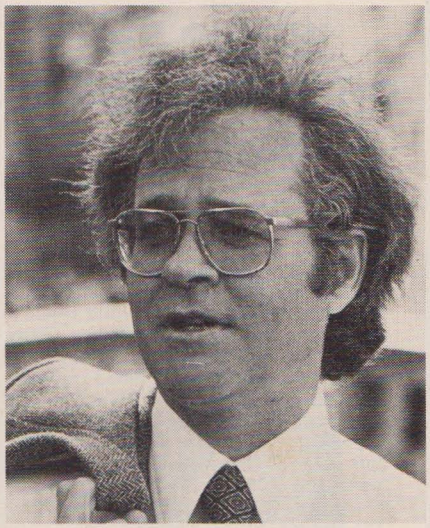
Within a few feet of the voluminous trees, pretty rock gardens and velvet lawns of the most expensive houses in Halifax, the Northwest Arm is still deep. I can sail our 17-footer almost to the doors of the guest cabins and boathouses that some of those fat-cat Haligonians have put up at the water's edge. One evening the wind was as light as a little girl's breath and, as I ghosted up the Arm, a strange woman appeared on a sundeck and quietly asked, "Are you Harry Bruce?" When I said yes, she said, "Oh, I love the magazine."

I tell the story not to suggest I'm famous or to publish yet another compliment to *Atlantic Insight.* (Please forgive the plug from *Le Devoir* on page 6. We couldn't resist this one but in future, we'll try to control ourselves.) No, the point of my describing the nice lady who talked to me across the water is only the old one that, here in the far east of Canada, society remains beautifully intimate.

Anyone who travels regularly down here knows that when you enter a hotel dining room in any city in Atlantic Canada, the odds are good you'll run into someone you know. A Maritimer or Newfoundlander who boards a homeward-bound jet in Toronto or Ottawa knows the odd feeling that, all at once, you're back among your own. It's like a surprise party that old friends have sprung on you, and the feeling also spreads through the passenger trains that plunge down from Montreal to eastern forests and the waiting sea.

Speaking of family, Kennedy Wells may be setting new records in magazine nepotism. He's our Island correspondent and it's further proof of down-east social intimacy that, when we asked him to tell our readers about the Man and Resources Institute over there, he said, "Well, okay, but the fellow who runs it is my brother." Ken Wells' story about Andy Wells' Institute is on page 16. After that, we asked Ken to get us a Food piece, with recipes, from the best cook he could find. He said, "Well, okay, but the best cook I can find is my wife." Ken Wells' story about Marilyn Wells' recipes is on page 64.

Andy Wells was former premier Alex Campbell's top aide; and back in the Thirties, Andy's and Ken's father, James Wells, was Premier Thane Campbell's top aide. Thane, of course, was Alex' father. Andy and Ken were merely two of "Jimmy's boys." There's Chris Wells, too, and Barry and Stewart. We've asked Ken not to write about them for a while. We'd like to leave some room for members of other families within the great family of Maritimers and Newfoundlanders.



NICHOLS/INSIGHT

*****

Atlantic Insight is now a bouncing babe, six months old and gaining weight. Its first five issues had 64 pages, plus front and back covers. The sixth (the one you're reading now) has 80 pages, and we're celebrating the baby's growth by introducing a new columnist. She's Marilyn MacDonald and, as our managing editor, she has already done as much as anyone has to make *Atlantic Insight* healthy. Marilyn is among the most skilled television interviewers in Atlantic Canada, and many Maritimers also know her for her incisive CBC radio criticism of the media. What *Atlantic Insight* knows her for, however, is her way with words in print and, starting now (on page 48), she joins Dalton Camp and Ray Guy in the business of sounding off for us every month.

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Letters

Go, posties

I received the June issue of *Atlantic Insight* today, 10 days after it was posted in Halifax. This is excellent service, considering the two postal organizations involved.

Jim Leggett
Jeddah, Saudi Arabia

Gloucester aussi

In *Donatien Gaudet's Goal: The Province of Acadia* (July) there is an error which should be noted. We live in the county of Gloucester which is approximately 85% French-speaking Acadians, many of whom are bilingual. Gloucester is between the counties of Restigouche and Northumberland and has been forgotten by the author.

Sharon Godin
Pokemouche, N.B.

The Turkeyburger lives

Your researcher should have done his research on the Turkeyburger via his gut feelings rather than Maritime T&T (*Tip-sheet for Seafood Bargain Hunters,* July). The Turkeyburger is a very pleasant, homey, small roadside restaurant... the food has always been good, the service always friendly and the ambience very special.

Leo Velleman
Chester, N.S.

Correction

My article *New Choices on the Mulgrave Road* (July), requires correction: The Mulgrave Road Co-op did not appear as Nova Scotia's official representative at Contact East in Moncton. There was no official representative. Michael Ardenne did not send a congratulatory telegram, and his criticism of the opening night in Mulgrave concerned the company's lack of a writer or director.

Anne Keenan
Halifax, N.S.

Nielsen's ratings

Robert Nielsen (*Let's Quit Cheating American Tourists*, June) should return to Toronto if he is so upset with the Maritimes' treatment of American tourists. Accommodation and meal prices in the Maritimes cannot be compared with prices in the New England States, and particularly Maine. Why not? Because their minimum wage is lower, their taxes are lower, their construction and financing costs are lower, and therefore the price of their finished product is lower. Statistics are available to bear this out.

Mrs. R.A. Williston
Moncton, N.B.

Defending Michelin

Michelin Whistles. Cabinet Rolls Over (July) tells only part of the story. The significant point here is not Michelin, the United Rubber Workers or the government—they will sort out their problems as they have been doing for the last eight years. *Atlantic Insight* though, through incomplete reporting, may influence the judgment of thousands of Maritimers against a company that has mistreated no one, gives us the opportunity to earn over $50 million a year in direct wages and gives us pride in making the best tire on the road today. As our own Atlantic provinces magazine, you owe Michelin and all of its employees something better.

Doug Cassidy
Westville, N.S.

Another word on CFAs

Insight is defined as an intellectual discernment or an intuitive perception of the inner nature of a thing. In *CFA Means Come From Away* (July) Cheryl Ray displays neither quality. I have filed her composition in my "composition heap" where it is being absorbed quite readily by the other materials. I suspect that this year the vegetables of this particular paranoid Newfoundland chauvinist will not be quite as wilted and tasteless.

Daphne L. Benson
St. John's, Nfld.

Sweet July

It is not often I take the time to compliment and congratulate the editor and staff of a magazine; however, *Atlantic Insight* deserves a good deal of praise. Your July issue is excellent.

Blye W. Frank
Grand Pre, N.S.

I have just read the July edition and I want to congratulate you and your staff for one hell of a great magazine. Just keep it up...it looks like a winner.

Larry MacDonald
CBC News, Ottawa, Ont.

Richard the third

Richard Hatfield is not only *not* the first New Brunswick premier to be elected three times in succession, but his immediate predecessor, Louis Robichaud, was elected three times in a row. Andrew George Blair was elected three times successively in 1886, 1890 and 1894. Hatfield does have the distinction of being the first Conservative premier ever elected three times in New Brunswick.

J.E. Belliveau
Shediac, N.B.

Sporting salmon

One of the more flagrant misrepresentations in Esther Crandall's article on New Brunswick's Atlantic salmon, *Salmon-fishing Ban Remains "a Mess"* (July), is the implication that the federal government is responsible for the salmon's ills. Unfortunately, the credit is due to the New Brunswick public who, knowingly or not, support a massive black market for illegal salmon. The solution is simple—but are New Brunswickers willing to give up tonight's dinner for tomorrow's benefits?

Lee Sochasky,
Save Our Salmon
St. Andrews, N.B.

Kids in trouble

Re your article *Kids in Trouble: Society's Triple Crime* (July), shouldn't the people who make up Atlantic Canada's future generations warrant more than one brief page in our best magazine? You might lay out the awesome facts from those training schools, like how many foster children wait there for someone to care enough to take them home. And what of that promiscuity rate for 12-year-old girls? I guess your readers would rather curl up in their nice, secure homes and read about Edwardian picnics. Well, just wait until day-care funding stops in N.S. and *your* eight-year-old comes home.

M. Campbell
Bass River, N.S.

Two views of home

Re the Special Report on British "home children" (August), my grandmother and her two sisters arrived in Canada shortly before the First World War as "home children." As I was reading your report, I could hear my grandmother's voice as clearly as if she was sitting beside me. "My hair was long. I could sit on it. I always wore it in a braid down my back. She used to drag me around by it like it was a rope. She'd lift me clear off the floor just by holding my braid." My grandmother died in 1971. Thank you for your report and for remembering children like my grandmother who must have felt that no one cared.

Judy Burns
Maitland, N.S.

I must write to deplore the slant of your special report on the "home children." I've had a working acquaintance with a number of the "boys" from Daykene Farm. Bar none the graduates are an urbane group of gentlemen, with genuinely affectionate ties to their first home in Canada. I know you have upset many of them by focusing only on one man's experiences.

Wendy Elliott
Windsor, N.S.

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The power behind the system is in the speakers, the SA-20F—a combination bass reflex, two-way speaker/power amplifier. Compared with conventional systems, the SA-20F speaker/power amps are small. But thanks to a self-cooling woofer system, their power handling capacity is high.

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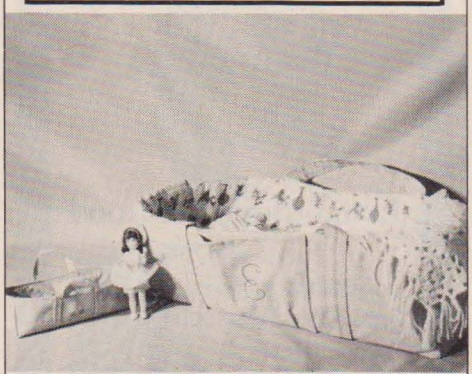
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Letters

I would guess there are far more people who make their living from the sport fishery than there are salmon fishermen, and that they make far more money at far less commercial cost to the resource than commercial salmon fishermen ever could. We anglers may be spoiled brats, but the guides and others who make our fishing possible deserve better than to be consigned to the unemployment rolls by virtue of an analogy to the Australian spiny lobster. The New Brunswick rivers are the greatest salmon nurseries in the world. If developed to anything like their potential there would be enough to provide a regular harvest for all sectors. Ms. Crandall's piece unfortunately only serves to reinforce the fractiousness that has bedevilled efforts in that direction for years.

Walter Thompson
Halifax, N.S.

Thanks, Le Devoir!

Columnist Jean-V. Dufresne had the following to say in a column that appeared June 21 in Quebec's most influential French daily, *Le Devoir*:

. . .Nevertheless, Canadians continue to emphasize the insular character of Newfoundland.

To tell the truth, however, the "insular ones" may be Montreal and Toronto. They control the electronic media and set standards of behavior for Canadians and Quebecers. But despite the sophisticated refinement of our systems, it is we who are turned in on ourselves, more so than the people of Fogo Island or the Magdalens. For we judge others first and foremost in terms of our own mental moulds. This is what is known as cultural imperialism.

On that score, it's appropriate to point out a happy initiative, an exceptional and superbly competent one that comes, not from Vancouver or Toronto or Montreal, but from Halifax: The appearance, barely three months ago, of a new monthly magazine, *Atlantic Insight*. This publication identifies itself squarely as "regionalist"—less to display the charms of Petty Harbour or Peggy's Cove than to give the Atlantic provinces their own, true, realistic image.

This magazine is so well done that, when you have finished reading it, you leaf through it for the sheer pleasure of looking at it. When I came back from Newfoundland by Air Canada, I asked the stewardess for a copy. "Never heard of it," she replied.

It seems to me that Air Canada has a pretty bizarre notion of national unity, one that serves as a pretext for pouring

tens of thousands of dollars into the Pro-Canada Committee to oppose the referendum. Perhaps Air Canada does not find *Atlantic Insight* sufficiently federalist for its taste. I don't know.

The truth is, the lack of knowledge among some Canadians about other Canadians seems to increase in direct proportion to the volume of information hardware.

At the risk of sounding modest in a profession whose practitioners generally claim to know everything, I confess that, without *Atlantic Insight*, these essential truths might have escaped me.

●●●●●●

....Et pourtant, l'ensemble des Canadiens continue de mettre en relief le caractère "insulaire" de Terre-Neuve.

A vrai dire, les insulaires, ce sont peut-être Montréal et Toronto, qui tiennent le nerf des communications électroniques, et déterminent ce que doivent être les grands critères du comportement social et cultural des Canadiens ou des Québécois. Malgré la raffinement coûteux de nos systèmes, nous sommes plus repliés sur nous-mêmes que les habitants de Fogo Island ou des Iles-de-la-Madeleine, car nous jugeons les autres en fonction d'abord et avant tout de nos propres gabarits mentaux. C'est ce qu'on appelle l'impérialisme culturel.

A cet égard, il convient de signaler une initiative heureuse, exceptionnelle et superbement compétente, qui ne vient ni de Vancouver, ni de Toronto, ni de Montréal, mais de Halifax: la parution, il y a trois mois à peine, d'un nouveau magazine mensuel, le *Atlantic Insight*, une publication qui s'affiche carrément "régionaliste", mais moins pour vanter les charmes de Petty Harbour et de Peggy's Cove que pour donner des provinces de l'Atlantique une image fidèle de leur réalité.

Vous lisez ce magazine, et lorsque vous avez fini de le lire, vous feuilletez, pour le simple plaisir de le regarder, tant il est bien fait. Lorsque je suis rentré de Terre-Neuve, cette semaine, par Air Canada, je l'ai demandé a l'hôtesse: "Connais pas", répond-elle.

Il m'est apparu alors que Air Canada a une notion bien bizarre de "l'unité nationale" qui lui sert de prétexte pour verser des dizaines de milliers de dollars au Comité Pro-Canada pour combattre le référendum. Peut-être, précisément, Air Canada ne juge pas *Atlantic Insight* fédéraliste à son goût? Je l'ignore.

A vrai dire l'ignorance des uns et des autres dans ce pays semble s'accroître en raison directe du volume de sa quincaillerie informatique.

Au risque de faire acte de modestie dans un métier dont les practiciens se ventent généralement de tout connaître, je confesse que sans *Atlantic Insight*, des réalités combien essentielles m'auraient échappé!

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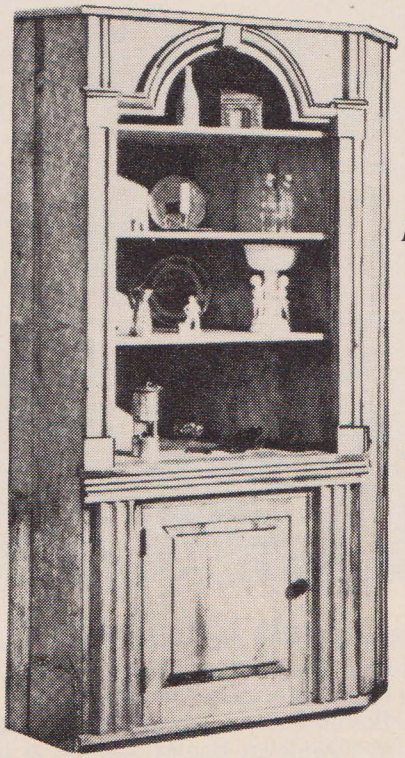
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Flashback: 40 years ago Canada went to war

And in Atlantic Canada, beef cost eight cents a lb.

Forty years ago this month, Prime Minister Mackenzie King called Parliament together for a declaration of war. Canada was a week behind Britain and France. Germany had already occupied Prague, and invaded Poland. We were poorly prepared, our defence establishment in shambles. Newfoundland and Labrador were not yet part of Canada, and in a St. John's newspaper, Mackenzie King's historic and belated moment on Sept. 10 was merely page-4 news. For most Newfoundlanders and Maritimers, the day was much like any other day in the last months of the Dirty Thirties.

People flocked to see Clark Gable, Humphrey Bogart, James Cagney and Lana Turner in movies that, four decades later, would be the golden oldies. "Jitterbugia comes into its own amidst the glamor," said a Halifax ad for a movie called *These Glamor Girls*. Another ad billed *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* as the only movie to call a swastika a swastika. It opened in Charlottetown but, even with Edward G. Robinson in the lead, it flopped. Islanders were harvesting, and hadn't much time for movies.

They did huddle around their radios in the evening, but instead of hearing news about Canada's entry into the war, they got Cary Grant and Claudette Colbert in *The Awful Truth*. Haligonians got the same show on CHNS, but the more energetic roller-skated "for reducing and health" at a new rink. At the baseball carnival in Fredericton, folks played bingo, heard their fortunes, took in "celestial amusements," and, in the Halifax Forum, Bull Montana wrestled Mystery Man. Ringside seats, $1.10.

"The oldest road house in Newfoundland" was Liddy's, Torbay. It offered dinner, and dancing to the jigs of Jack Cronin and his Merrymakers.

We can assume that since Sept. 10 was a Sunday, at least some Islanders were nursing hangovers from the rum they'd smuggled into Saturday-night dances. (The Island was officially dry from 1896 to 1947.) Rev. Ben Spence came all the way down from Toronto for the big rally to "keep P.E.I. dry," and by the time his podium-thumping



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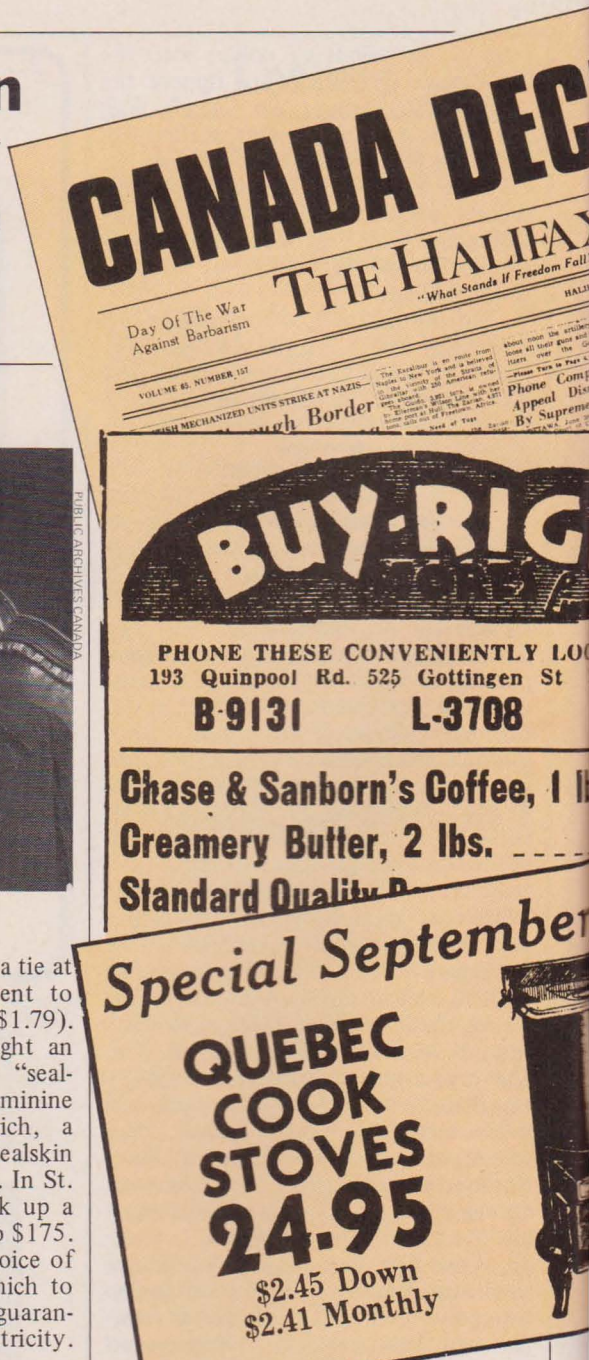
One week late, King declared war

began, Canada was at war.

For 14 cents, you could get a tie at Zellers in Fredericton. Kids went to school in "hopscotch" shoes ($1.79). For $8.50, Halifax women bought an automatic, self-closing corset, "sealing your newly won frankly feminine figure loveliness." For the rich, a Halifax shop advertised short sealskin coats with beaver trim for $450. In St. John's, however, you could pick up a fur for anywhere from $29.50 to $175. Fredericton women had their choice of at least 15 beauty parlors in which to get hair-waves. A Halifax salon "guaranteed wireless permanents, no electricity. A lasting *natural* permanent."

In Saint John, the declaration of war delayed for a week the opening of school. New Brunswick school inspectors debated the recent abolition of high-school entrance exams, and over on the Island, the president of Prince of Wales College worried about declining enrolment. First-year boys were enlisting in the armed forces. Enrolment among girls, however, was up. Meanwhile, Halifax schools introduced touch football, but barred girls from playing.

St. Andrew's By the Sea Hotel at Spaniard's Bay, Nfld., guaranteed late-summer visitors "bracing air and good food." You could get there on Mr. Littlejohn's Deluxe Bus. Eastern Steamship Lines charged a mere $10 for a round-trip between Yarmouth and Boston and, speaking of prices, houses in downtown Halifax sold for as little



as $1,000, live pigs cost $2.50 in Fredericton, a pound of beef, eight cents. Wages, however, were also low. Island men earned an average of $594 a year, Nova Scotian women, $376.

Prisoners in the provincial jails of P.E.I. got a break if they signed up to go to war, but Island lobster-canners weren't happy about the break they got. Britain decided lobster meat was an "unnecessary luxury" and banned its import. In Halifax, some municipal workers had been called up, others hoped to go overseas, and all wanted the city to guarantee that, when they came marching home, they'd get their jobs back.

Nova Scotia urged farmers to increase food production because, in the words of a Halifax editorial, "this was one of the first patriotic duties." The



government tried to lure young men (not women) to the farms with a plan that offered applicants $5 a month, hardly a get-rich-quick scheme. Women would soon join wartime assembly lines, but in September of '39, their place was still in the kitchen. A Fredericton editor, discussing a conference on women in chemistry, declared that the kitchen was the most important laboratory because it was there that research underwent the "discriminating test of male approval." And maybe that says a lot about the way attitudes have changed in the 40 years since the day Canada went to war.

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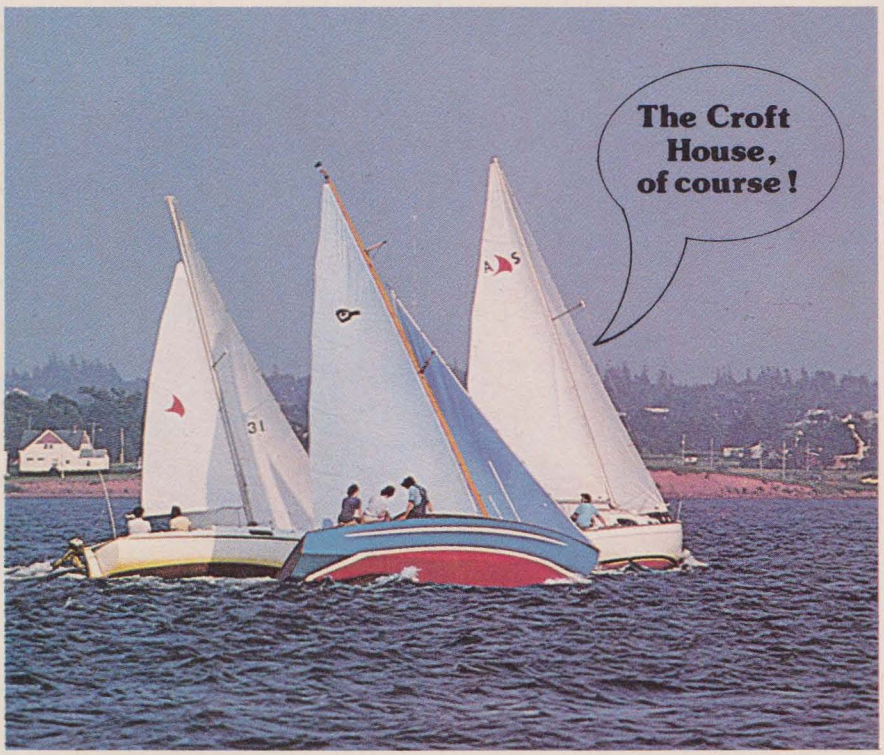
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Cabot Martin: He's the man behind "born-again Tories"

It's just after six on a muggy evening, and the Newfoundland legislature has wound up another three hours of mostly inconsequential debate. Whistling an innocuous tune, Premier Brian Peckford bounds into his big office on the eighth floor of the Confederation Building. Cabot Martin, shirt-sleeved and tieless, jumps from behind his paper-cluttered desk in the next office and follows his boss.

Martin, 35, earns about $45,000 a year as the new premier's senior policy adviser, and on innumerable evenings to come he'll make that same short trip into Peckford's inner sanctum. Few will have more to do with running the Peckford machine than Cabot Martin.

That's why it has not broken his heart that when he ran in a south coast district in the provincial election last June 18, he lost. ("It was the first time, in terms of the major things I've tried to do in my life, that I lost," he says, cheerfully enough.) He'll be cheek-by-jowl with Peckford in setting policy, trying to keep the Tories in power, and helping fulfil the government's bold promise that, during the Eighties, it will turn Newfoundland and Labrador into a "have" province.

The Peckford team wants to put as much distance as possible between itself and the scandal-plagued Moores administration. As a Liberal politician put it, Peckford Tories are "the born-again crowd." They've promised to review *all* government programs and policies, and suggested they'll bring about monumental changes. Smack in the middle of all this sits Cabot Martin.

"It's frightening, how many areas in which the province has got to make critical decisions in the next three or four years," he says. His position—senior policy adviser to the premier—is a new one, and even he has to think before describing his mandate. He says it involves "everything from soup to nuts," but sees his chief function as that of giving others "policy leadership."

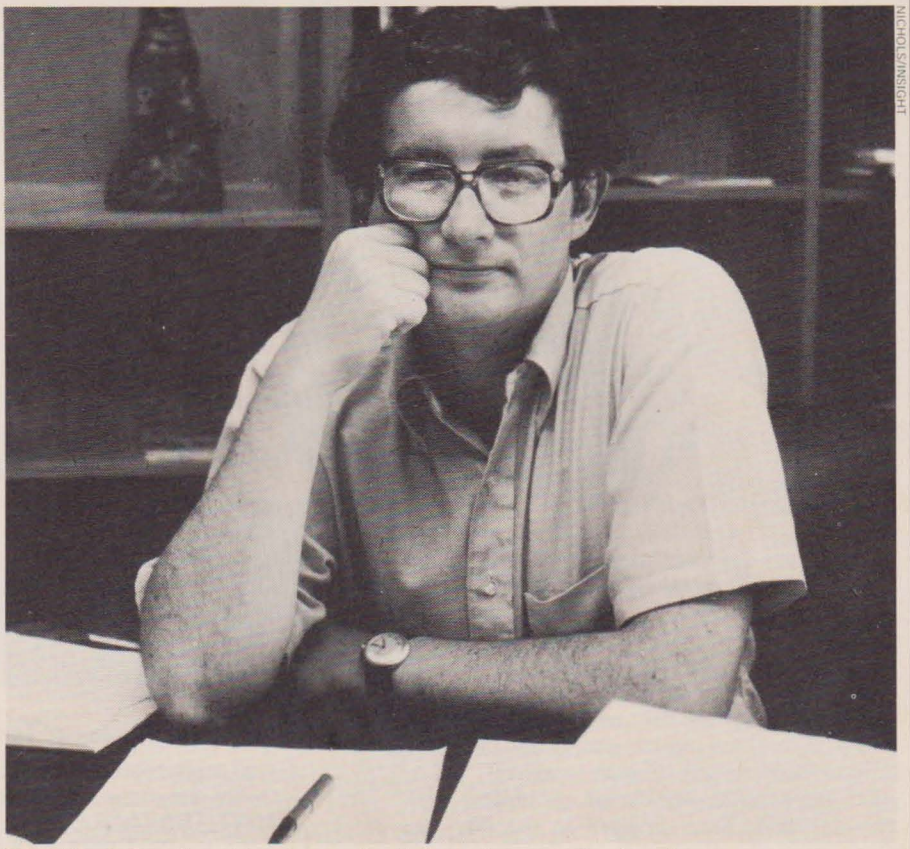
His leadership abilities became apparent after his appointment as legal adviser to the minister of Mines and Energy. That was in '72 but years before that, when he'd still been a novice lawyer, he'd found a promising hobby: Studying the province's chances of gaining control of its offshore minerals. He proved Newfoundland and Labrador had a good case and, after '72, built a reputation as the backroom architect of its campaign to get offshore control. Moreover, he had a big hand not only in designing the province's strict oil and gas regulations but also in getting the oil companies to obey them.

Newfoundland's success in the offshore-oil issue stems from what Martin sees as desirable bravado by government. Government, he thinks, often says, "It's too big for us." With success stories, however, "the rest will come easily." In such complex battles as those over offshore mineral control and renegotiating the infamous Upper Churchill contract whereby power flows from Labrador to Quebec, at dirt-cheap prices, Martin's approach is simple: "First, do your homework. Second, go in and negotiate hard. Third, never be afraid." Is there a danger of being simplistic? "I think the opposite is true," he says.

The Upper Churchill is one of dozens of issues Martin will wrestle with during his two-year contract; and speaking of issues, Martin himself may be one. In Newfoundland and Labrador, (and a lot of other places), $45,000 is certainly a respectable salary. If he went into business for himself, however, he'd easily earn more. He says he rarely considers doing that: "I say to myself, 'Look, you're only 35: You've got another 20 or 30 years of professional life left. There's lots of time to make money.'"

Martin may still not entirely understand the extent of his own power, but what he does know is that his job is more interesting than working from a corporate law office on Duckworth Street. "The line between my work life and my private life is virtually non-existent," he says. "You just don't leave this job." The odds are, he'll not be leaving it for quite a while. His public record and his closeness to Peckford suggest the government will extend his current two-year contract. Even some Liberals acknowledge the province could make worse moves.

— **Bob Wakeham**



NICHOLS/INSIGHT

Cabot Martin is policy adviser to premier. He's tough, smart, direct, pushy

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Here lies Point Tupper. May she rest in peace

"This is going to cause a lot of grief," Marie Bolger says. "But there's no other way." She's talking about her cherished village, Point Tupper, which is dying. The mercy of it is that it's being killed off quickly. "They're going to be demolishing the houses and I don't want to be around when they do it," she says. Some have already been bulldozed. One old man got all choked up as his came tumbling down. Other homes are being boarded up all the time—once-sturdy houses that have gone to seed.

After a long fight, the provincial government coughed up $1.5 million for a relocation program. Last year 18 families moved out and, soon, another 18 are likely to go. Their homes will be stripped, then flattened. In the Atlantic provinces' thick dossier of industrial malpractice there are many spectacular stories, but none as bitter as that of Point Tupper.

It used to be the Cape Breton terminal for the Strait of Canso ferry. When the causeway opened in 1955 hard times were at hand. In '58 the Swedish company, Stora Kopparberg, announced it would build a pulp mill and, says Bolger, "there was dancing in the street." Then came the heavy-water plant, the refinery, the power station and the gypsum stockpile. With them came air pollution, a huge pile of bark that oozed black liquid and, creeping up on the village from the pulp mill, gypsum dust that settled "like snow" on nearby homes. By 1975, a ratepayers' survey reported, bronchial trouble afflicted people in 32 of the 72 homes.

Worst of all, there came deadly hydrogen sulphide gas and a series of hair-raising incidents that turned Point Tupper into a psychological pressure-cooker: Leaks, explosions, a couple of worker deaths and the ultimate freakout that occurred one afternoon in July, 1972. Residents had noticed unusually heavy traffic on the highway to the industrial strip and a flurry of activity in nearby Port Hawkesbury. It was only the next day that they found out the horrible truth: There had been a major hydrogen sulphide leak at the heavy-water plant. The industrial strip had been evacuated and Port Hawkesbury notified. *But no one had told Point Tupper.*

The lapse seemed more than accidental. There was a pattern of that kind of thing. The people were afraid, afraid not only of gas leaks but of the power of industry and bureaucrats, afraid of a plan to relocate them at half the replacement value of their homes, afraid for their jobs. One day in 1974 a final slight broke their silence. A car caught fire. There was an arrangement with Port Hawkesbury for fire protection, but when the fire truck was called, it never came. Too much. The Point Tupper Ratepayers' Association was formed, and the fight was on.

The group immediately hit a brick wall. Provincial Health authorities refused to acknowledge a health problem. Port Hawkesbury people called Point Tupper people whiners, complainers, radicals. The industries and the county government were indifferent if not hostile.



LYGHTSOME

Point Tupper Ratepayers' head Bourgeois: He's been in all the fights

The reason for the unfriendliness was simple: Nothing was supposed to tarnish the industrial jewel that was the Strait of Canso. Premier Gerald Regan wanted more refineries and a petrochemical complex. The federal government was pumping money into Port Hawkesbury. Industrialist John Shaheen, announcing an abortive refinery only two months after the 1972 gas leak, said the Strait would one day look like the industrial strip between Fort Worth and Dallas. Obviously, any complaining that might discourage industry couldn't be countenanced, no matter whose kids were choking.

First, the people wanted the pollution cleaned up. But after every nerve-wracking incident, fewer and fewer of the 72 families wanted to stay. People stopped repairing their homes because of the uncertainty. The average age kept rising, no new families came in. After a painful time, Point Tupper would have too few people to be a community. For most residents, the lesser of two evils was to kill it off.

About a dozen older people want to stay but Frank Pike, director of the relocation project, says most of the people of Point Tupper will go in the end: "Some don't want to move, but when they see their family and friends going there's less reason to stay." Of the first 18 that went, he says, four had originally opposed relocation and in a curious turn of events, some who fought for relocation are now reluctant to go. "I suppose I will go," Laura Swaine says, "but I still have to pound it in my head that it's a good thing."

The formula of compensation in the four-year program is complex. The idea is to get the recipient equivalent housing in the Strait area. Snags have occurred. "Some people don't have clear title to their property," Pike says. "It's an awful mess." Housing prices in the Strait area have sky-rocketed, affected at least partly by the relocation, and Point Tupper people complain of being "skinned" by legal fees. The lawyers say they're charging the standard rate.

But Ray Bourgeois is happy. A maintenance worker at the Gulf Oil refinery, he's been head of the Ratepayers' Association since the beginning. He's been in the thick of all the fights, and he says, "We've visited everyone who moved, they're all bettering themselves. They're all pleased."

As the residents leave, they do so with backward glances. Marie Bolger wonders why they have to knock all the houses down. Why not keep one or two, maybe for a museum. Yes, and maybe it should contain exhibits to illustrate how not to pursue industrial development. **— Ralph Surette**



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Sermons, but no solutions at Man and Resources Institute

When the Tory government took over in May, there was speculation about the future of the Institute of Man and Resources, and especially about its founder and Executive Director, Andrew Wells. Before the creation of the Institute Wells was the alter ego of Liberal premier Alex Campbell, and he even took leave from the Institute to run Campbell's last campaign. As a Liberal strategist and policy-maker, he made Tory enemies.

But those who had doubts about his future misunderstood both Wells and the new government. Under the terms of the Institute's incorporation, its head could not be bounced at a political whim. Moreover, in the months before the Tories came to power, Wells established solid relations with some of them. Not only that, Premier Angus MacLean is committed even more strongly than the Liberals were to the Institute's goals of developing alternate-energy sources and making the Island more self-reliant.

But if the Institute and its chief seem safe, it still has some distance to go to demonstrate that it has practical solutions to energy problems, and to establish its credibility with Islanders who face mounting fuel bills and the highest-priced electricity in Canada. Wells knows this. The Institute's annual report defensively notes, "It often seems that some of our public expects the Institute to offer virtually instant solutions to problems and difficulties which have been years in the making."

But Wells also admits that some of these high expectations were created by the fanfare that surrounded the Institute's birth. Islanders were led to believe their province had leapt into the forefront of alternate-energy research, and that solar heaters and windmills would soon cover the landscape.

Three years later, most people feel such solutions to high fuel and power bills are as far away as ever. The cynical suggest the Institute's chief accomplishment has been to increase its staff from two to 23, and its annual budget by 10 times to more than $1 million (most of it coming from the federal government).

The Institute has also suffered from the bad press the Ark has received. The Ark is the expensive experiment in self-contained living which opened in a blaze of publicity at Spry Point in September, 1976. It was separate from the Institute but Wells had had a big hand in bringing it to P.E.I. and the public closely identified the two.

In 18 months, the Ark was in deep trouble. The windmill—which was supposed to supply its electricity and even feed a surplus into the Island energy grid—proved to be an expensive failure. The tropical fish in its aquaculture tanks failed to survive Island winters. Straggly plants took over the solar-heated greenhouse. Federal officials responsible for Ark funds complained about haphazard records and incomplete experiments. One problem was that the project had been left to what a federal report called "enthusiastic amateurs." They were unable to cope with either the scientific demands of Ark programs, or the flood of visitors the publicity had attracted.


NICHOLS/INSIGHT

Andrew Wells: Still top dog at Institute

In the spring of '78, the Ark was amalgamated with the Institute. Biologist Kenneth MacKay became project director, and a new staff moved in. Today, the Ark presents an impressive public face. Its fish tanks teem with trout and salmon. The greenhouse produces year-round vegetable crops, and there is a well-run program of public tours.

The Institute's other work is less noticeable. It involves long-range studies and the evaluation of alternate-energy techniques from away. Research Director Kirk Brown feels the single most important source of future Island energy may be the woodland that still covers 43% of the Island, and the Institute is evaluating wood-burning stoves and furnaces. It's also studying the social, economic and environmental effects of a full-scale wood-harvesting program. But aside from furnaces placed in Island homes for study purposes, the first visible result of these studies will be the installation this fall of a one-megawatt, wood-fired generator at a new education complex in western P.E.I.

If the Institute has produced few practical answers to the Island's energy problems, there's been no shortage of its pamphlets and speeches exhorting the public to reduce consumption of non-renewable resources and return to the thriftier ways of our ancestors. Wells makes no apology for this. He believes the whole western world must abandon a way of living based on cheap, abundant energy. His near-apocalyptic view of the future encompasses much more than the replacement of oil-heaters by wood-chip furnaces.

He sees the main role of the Institute as, first, the conversion of the public; and second, the provision of techniques to make the conversion a reality. Islanders may not have realized that when their government created the Institute they were giving a prophet his pulpit. Lower fuel bills are just going to have to wait a little while.

— Kennedy Wells

Tia Maria goes with Bogota.
Tia Maria goes with Paris.
Tia Maria goes with milk.
Tia Maria goes with ice.
Tia Maria goes with Istanbul.
Tia Maria goes with him.
Tia Maria goes with Vodka.
Tia Maria goes with Janis.
Tia Maria goes with music.
Tia Maria goes with dessert.
Tia Maria goes with friends.



Tia Maria goes.

Jungle George lives, breathes motorcycles, hates helmets

George (Jungle George) Calvin of Odin's Wrath Motorcycle Club of Saint John, after several scrapes with the law, has finally got himself a helmet, a lightweight replica of the kind the Nazis wore. "When I'm asked if it's an approved model, I just show them the sticker inside." The sticker has three words; a four-letter Anglo-Saxon verb followed by "helmet laws." Jungle is president of the New Brunswick branch of the Bikers' Rights Organization (BRO), which seeks an end to a decade of compulsory helmet use.

For the past three springs he's led a pilgrimage to the legislature. Each time, as bikers poured in from around the province, Fredericton taverns closed, politicians hid, parents found indoor activities for their daughters, and police went quietly through the mob issuing tickets. One year Rodman Logan, minister responsible for helmets, told the milling bikers, as politely as he could, "Up your nose with a rubber hose." Jungle, a 41-year-old high-school graduate and father of two adult children and a pre-schooler, says bikers cut little ice with lawmakers because the general public doesn't like them. "As far as image goes, we rank near the bottom, along with nuclear power-plant salesmen."

Jungle's not a big fellow. With his beard, weatherworn flesh and Dutchboy hat, he looks very much like the sailor he was for 10 years. Vincent (Vinnie) Melvin, a six-footer, barrel chest encased in a studded leather vest, tattoos embroidered on both forearms, is president of the Wrath. "We're all against helmets," he says. "I've got a friend who's my age, in his mid-thirties. He was in an accident and the helmet splintered into his head. Today he's got the mind of a child." Vinnie agrees a bad press hurts repeal efforts, but even as the BRO put on its most respectable front these past few years, unsavory incidents kept occurring. Three leap to mind: The big rumble between fed-up Petit Rocher villagers and the Dalton gang following a series of provocations in the north shore community; the intimidation of Shediac during the Lobster Festival, its six-man force hopelessly outnumbered by 200 bikers; and the nationally publicized "Night of Horror" on the *Princess of Acadia,* the Canadian National ferry that links Saint John with Digby, N.S.

"We were on the ferry to Newfoundland once—it was three times as bad," Vinnie says. "But the Newfies joined in and kept the bar open for a couple of extra hours. What happened on the *Princess of Acadia* was just two different ways of partying." A hundred nattily attired couples boarded for a "romantic, moonlight dinner and dance" on the Bay of Fundy. Thirty bikers also boarded—Wrath members, plus visiting Vagabonds from Toronto hankering for a bacchanal. Bikers reportedly danced nude, regaled the



guests with obscene commentary and ditties over the PA system, helped themselves to liquor after the bar was closed, scooped food out of guests' plates, leered at women and shoved their escorts, and stole the captain's wallet.

Of the 10 people charged, only one was a Wrath member. The Crown prosecutor said: "I can't remember when we've had any trouble with Odin's Wrath." Vinnie, who wasn't aboard, says, "The Vagabonds were away from home. They were out for a good time and it's like anyone who's away from home, you can forget yourself. But we've got to live here."



JAMES WILSON

Jungle George, and some of the boys

Vinnie is a Grade 6 dropout, who's married to a university graduate, has a son, makes a good living as an independent trucker. He founded the Wrath 10 years ago. Most members are in their late twenties or thirties and "have jobs, wives and children." Costs are as steep as any yacht club's. Wrath members must ride Harley-Davidsons, which start at $6,800. Leather jackets and boots run to a few hundred dollars, and there are dues.

All provinces except Manitoba have mandatory helmet laws. There have been two successful court challenges, one in British Columbia and one by Jungle. Provincial Court Judge Nave George of Hampton, Kings County, agreed with Jungle's lawyer Elizabeth McLeod that the helmet law contravened Jungle's civil rights. The New Brunswick Appeal Court overturned this ruling, saying the Bill of Rights did not override provincial statutes. Jungle decided not to appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada in Ottawa. "What chance do you think I'd have in a court operating in a province that has a seatbelt law?"

The arguments boil down to these: Proponents say helmets reduce the chance and severity of head injuries; opponents say more bikers survive accidents in states without helmet laws. Proponents say helmets don't hamper vision or hearing; opponents say they do. Proponents say young, inexperienced riders suffer most without helmet laws; opponents say licences shouldn't be issued without rigorous new education programs. Proponents say the government must compel helmet-wearing since it picks up the tab when a biker is disabled; opponents say that, to be consistent, pro-helmet governments should also refuse to pay for care of people who smoke, drink too much, fail to exercise or don't button up their overcoats in winter. Jungle says, "The issue is whether governments have the right to do with you as they wish. We'll probably have to wait until all the states repeal theirs. Then New Brunswick will follow."

Jungle currently earns his living by running the G and G Smoke Shop and Biker's Boutique in uptown Saint John, featuring such exotica as cocaine quality testers and studded wrist belts. He's also enmeshed in the biggest court case involving Maritime bikers since the 1971 trial of Thirteenth Tribe members in Halifax for gang-raping a teen-ager. Jungle is charged in connection with a seizure of $350,000 worth of marijuana. But all this drifts into the wind when Jungle rolls down the open highway on his 1,200 cc Harley. "I just live and breathe motorcycles. Nothing else matters."

— Jon Everett

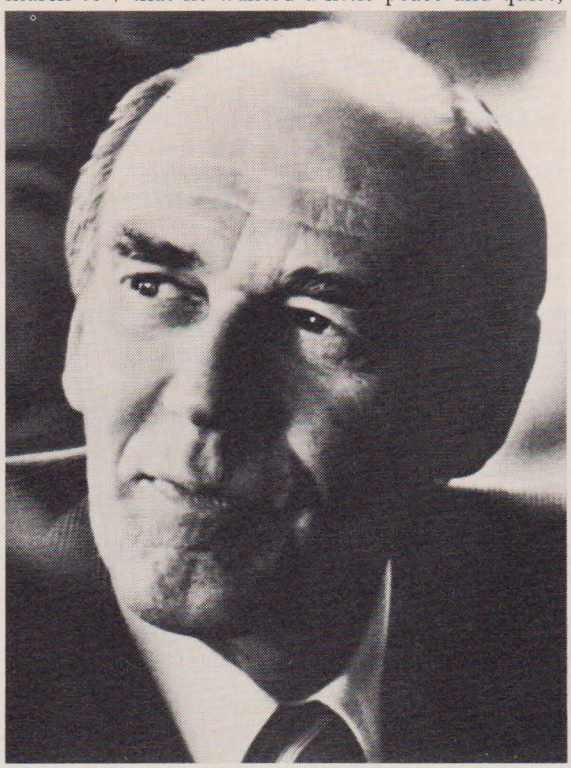


Remember Bob Stanfield? Canada owes him a lot

With Trudeau defeated, Ottawa is relaxed, calm, almost euphoric. Everything that's happened in Fat City since May 22 demonstrates that the people wanted to be rid of Trudeau and, once that was accomplished, didn't much care what the successor did or didn't do. Any new government is permitted pratfalls, and the public has been tolerant of Clark's early howlers, even his quick march to Jerusalem and quicker march back again. In this case, Lucky Joe could turn to Stanfield for a fail-safe system. He appointed Stanfield as a one-man fact-finding mission on the whole Middle East question. "Take your time, Bob," said External Affairs Minister Flora MacDonald.

Stanfield's reputation for wisdom and honesty has never been higher. He will never have to go through the dreadful experience of proving, in power, that he has feet of clay. Moreover, he played a profound role in the events that led to the present national political situation. It is because he had the courage to stamp out the redneck revolt of the Jack Horner-led yahoos in his own party that the Conservatives now have some respectability on the issue of national unity. Quebec has declined to go into a fit about the Tory victory. Claude Ryan has assumed his rightful role as the spokesman for federalism in Quebec, a role Trudeau had usurped for lack of any other. Lévesque is sinking from watered-down position to watered-down position.

There are signs, in other words, that point to saner times. It may be stretching things to credit Stanfield with the foundation of restored national unity (or as close to it as Canadians ever come). But it is already clear that he had an enormous influence in holding Canada together in the dangerous Seventies. Stanfield wanted to return to private life, but his Middle East assignment begs him to take as long as possible so everybody will have time to forget Clark ever suggested moving the Canadian embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. This is unlucky for Clark. He may have to mount other rescue missions—Petrocan's sale?—and there won't be another Stanfield to help him. There is only one Stanfield, and Clark has now used him up. If only Stanfield had nine lives. One can see him, still protesting that he wanted a little peace and quiet, doing a fact-finding mission on federal-provincial relations for Prime Minister Catherine McTeer-Clark.



Stanfield: His "reputation...has never been higher"

*****

Trudeau will remain opposition leader until after the Quebec referendum. He will then do a graceful exit and, in 1981, the Liberals will hold a leadership convention. The potential leadership candidates already know this. A Toronto advertising firm has put John Turner's campaign in motion—quietly, of course. The party doesn't want the unseemly pushing and shoving that went on before Pearson stepped down. The party hierarchy is making it clear that, if the Liberals are to regain power, they'll require an anglo leader. But at least one franco candidate will run for unity appearances.

*****

The occupancy rate at Ottawa hotels in the first four months this year was 63%, down 8% from a year earlier. In the same period, the average price of a hotel room went up by 11% to $38.32 a night. Is the government running the hotels?

*****

The latest annual report of the Public Service Commission shows that the number of bureaucrats in the SX (senior executive) category rose during 1978 to 1,356, an increase of 205 over 1977. People in the SX category—only 40 are women—earn between $40,700 and $58,400 a year. Forty-nine bureaucrats were paid more than $50,000 in 1978 compared with only 18 in 1977. A total of 231 were paid between $45,000 and $50,000. Only 89 were in that pay group a year earlier.

SX anyone?

*****

When Sinclair Stevens took over as the Conservative minister at the Treasury Board, he immediately froze all civil service hiring for at least two months. This has delayed the firing of some civil servants about to be let go for proven incompetence. Better an incompetent than no replacement, some personnel managers have decreed. (Bet you're surprised to learn any civil servant is ever fired; about 100 were last year, out of 580,000.)

*****

The National Arts Centre in Ottawa, despite its description as "national," still refuses to set aside tickets for chance visitors from out of town. As a consequence, all the tickets go to the locals. Moreover, the NAC gets about $10 million in subsidies from the government each year and applies them against ticket prices as well as the shows themselves. As a consequence, the locals enjoy the cheapest theatre prices in Canada. The NAC shows its utter contempt for people outside the area by practically closing down during July and August, the time when most Canadians visit their capital.

*****

Latest complaint by civil servants: The government won't provide free bicycle-racks outside their offices. One said: "Why, we have to walk as much as 10 minutes to get to the office from the garage where we leave our bikes."

—The Fat City Phantom

The Fat City Phantom is privy to inside government information. Atlantic Insight *prefers to keep it that way.*

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HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

Peking-bound, Mary Sun makes a little history

She's the first Atlantic Canadian—and the first woman—ever accredited to our embassy in China

"I don't understand those people," Mary Sun said, in mock horror. "They talk a completely different language." "Those people" were External Affairs bureaucrats who had just briefed her on hydrogeophysics, embassy security systems, satellites, sports and all the cunning spy-story tricks which can compromise a diplomat abroad. Dr. Sun was about to leave Saint Mary's University in Halifax, where she had taught history for 10 years, and to head for Peking as first secretary (cultural) at the Canadian embassy in China.

By now, several weeks into the job, she has doubtless mastered the twin tongues of diplomacy and bureaucracy, languages she will need every bit as much as the Mandarin and Cantonese she speaks so fluently. She is the embassy's resident sinologist, its in-house expert on Chinese history, culture and geography. But she is also responsible for all Canada-China exchanges that involve education, sports, culture, science and technology. Her appointment coincided with the naming of another Nova Scotian, Alton Lomas, as Canada's minister in Peking, a position second only to that of the ambassador. Lomas had spent several years in Halifax, first as a senior federal official on loan to the province, and then as secretary to the Council of Maritime Premiers.

Most embassy posts go to career bureaucrats such as Lomas. But Sun's culture job rotates among Canadian China scholars who are willing to leave their universities to spend time in Peking. Sun, however, is the first woman, the first Atlantic Canadian, and the first ethnic Chinese from Canada ever accredited to Peking. No other embassy has an ethnic Chinese on staff and U.S. experts applauded Ottawa for daring to choose her; Washington, they felt, would wait a long time before taking such a chance.

"I pose a problem for the Chinese," Sun said before leaving. "The average Canadian sticks out like a sore thumb. The Chinese can keep track of him. But I can disappear. I can do my Mao bit and dress in baggy clothes and, since I speak the language, I can poke around a bit. They may not like it."

Sun's background may also cause flutters. Born in Shanghai, her father was an official in Chiang Kai-shek's government. The family left China for Hong Kong in 1948, just a few months before the Communists beat Chiang's Nationalists in the Chinese civil war. She was seven. (Her recent appointment, incidentally, dismayed her parents, who retired to Nova Scotia last June after 11 years in New York. "My father sees me as going to the country that kicked him out. He sees himself as a political refugee.")

Canadian officials still don't know if her appointment will help Canadian interests in China, or harm them. "It may work against us," Sun said. "People have warned me that patience and forbearance are needed in negotiating with the Chinese. The main thing I have to do is win the trust of the people I'm dealing with....I have sympathy for China, but I'm still a Canadian and they can't expect me to pull for their side."

Her negotiating agenda is heavy. The drive for modernization in China has created a powerful appetite for goods, technology and ideas from developed countries. The problem is, the Chinese insist on exchange. That's not always easy, particularly when it comes to technology and science. For example, Peking is interested in Canadian agricultural techniques, but there's little in the relatively primitive methods of Chinese farming that Canada wants in return. Exchange programs are often a prelude to sales missions and the duty to ride herd on Canadians intent on showing off everything from satellites to geophysical equipment has prompted Sun to collect information on a bewildering variety of topics. "What do I know about icebreakers?"

Sports and cultural exchanges are easier. This fall, the Peking Opera comes to Canada while dancers Karen Kain and Frank Augustyn are off to China to conduct ballet classes. Sun wants to raise the number of Atlantic Canadian groups visiting China and, aware of China's long tradition of puppetry, she's had her eye on a puppet group from Chester, N.S. Shepherding Canadian groups will give Sun a chance to see a lot of China, and she hopes to visit all 18 provinces. "But," she added, "I'll also have to climb the Great Wall once a week."

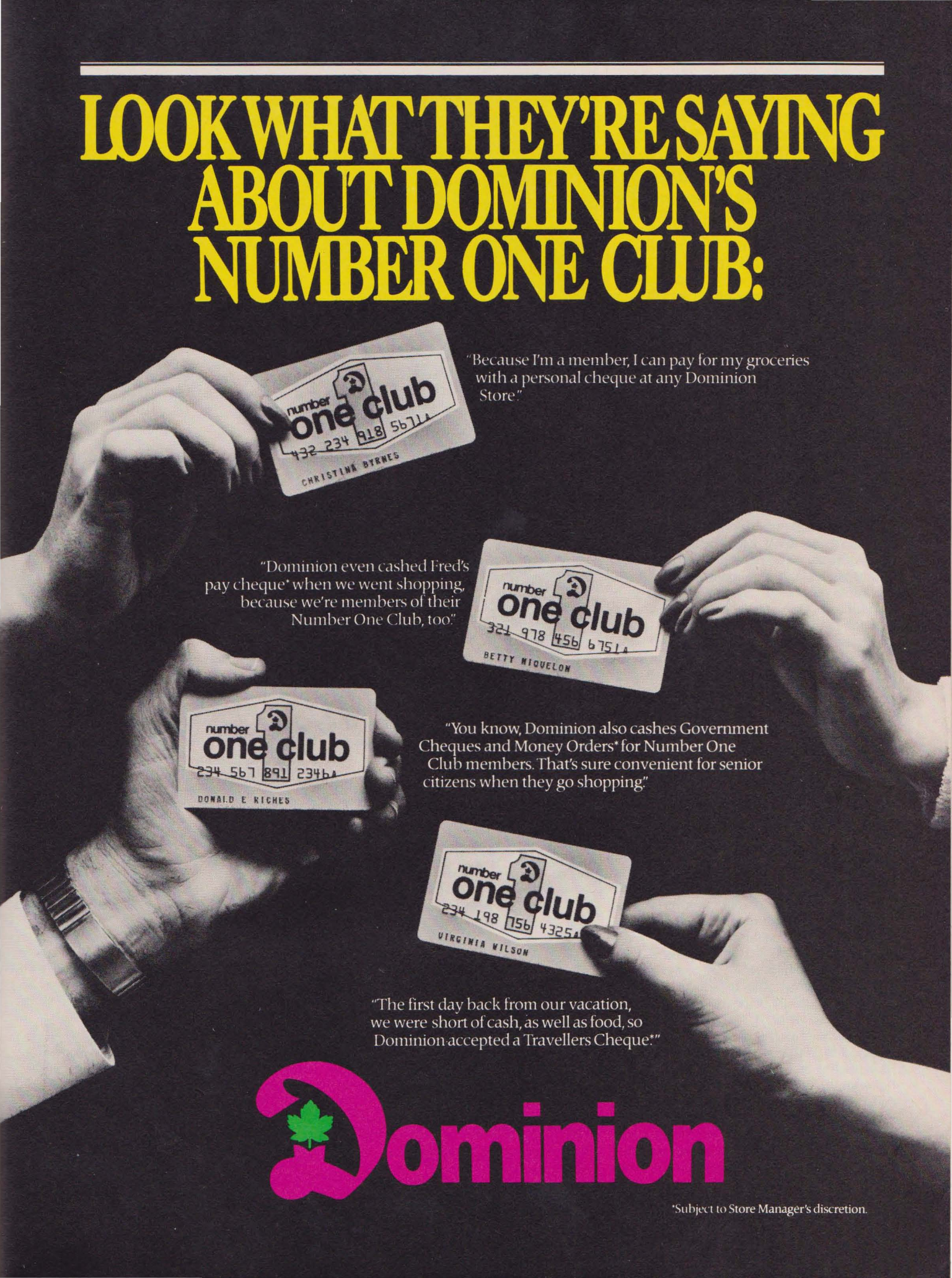
Husband Stanley, a Dartmouth physician, went to Peking for two weeks to help her get settled but, for the next year or two, they'll see each other only infrequently. They plan to meet either in Peking, or for vacations in such places as Hong Kong, Hawaii, Bali. Her last weeks in Halifax were so hectic she hadn't had a chance even to "sit down and savor the prospect" of going, but she was facing the job with both trepidation and curiosity. "I'm a bit of a guinea pig and I feel the full burden. Everyone will be watching me and I know some are thinking, 'Here's the first woman. Will she cry at the first crisis?'....But I've never done anything except teach, so this will be something totally different. I'd like to see if I *can* do something totally different."

— **Bruce Little**



Sun: Mastering new languages—diplomacy, bureaucracy

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Dominion

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She was just a nice girl from a nice family in Fredericton but she followed her husband into the Newfoundland bush, raised four fine kids and, one amazing day, became

Mary Pratt, artist

By Stephen Kimber

On a sparkling morning in the summer of '74, Mary Pratt discovered what the rest of us have been finding out ever since: That she is a painter of uncommon significance, a major Canadian artist. Ironically, the day had begun as badly as any she could remember. By the time the National Gallery in Ottawa telephoned with the news her paintings were to be included in a major exhibition of Canadian women artists, Mary was already in the bathtub nursing a bad case of hives and a worse case of tears. The hives and the tears both followed the none-too-soon departure of some particularly horrific houseguests.

Because Christopher Pratt, Mary's husband, is a fine painter of international reputation and because Mary, in addition to being a gifted artist is an open and gracious hostess and finally, because the Pratt place on the banks of the Salmonier River at the head of Newfoundland's St. Mary's Bay is as delightful a chunk of real estate as God has created, the Pratt home has long served as a summer drop-in centre of Canada's culturati.

After a day spent sailing on Chris's yacht or fishing in the river that meanders past the house or perhaps just sitting on the porch waiting for a moose to saunter through the backyard, the guests would retire to the Pratt's rambling house to nibble on something sweet that Mary had baked and allow the evening to slip away in good conversation. About art, about people they all knew, about the sea, about kids, about life. For Mary, who has no really close friends in the local community ("Even after 17 years here," she says with a laugh, people still regard us as being 'from town.' "), those summer evenings were as pleasant as any she could imagine.

But these visitors—the ones who brought on the hives and the tears—were different. They were culture-vultures, a couple who had come to the Pratts with their kids and their tape recorder to talk for the posterity of their machine with Christopher Pratt about his Art. For a week, they earnestly questioned Chris and just as earnestly ignored Mary. It didn't matter to them that Mary was also a serious artist



NICHOLS/INSIGHT

Usually, what she painted was edible

and that, at her first major exhibition in St. John's in 1967, smart collectors had grabbed up every one of the 44 paintings she had for sale. For them, Mary Pratt was simply a convenient appendage to her husband, a woman who could cook and clean and knew enough to keep quiet when the tape machine was running.

On the surface, it's easy enough to understand why the culture-vultures passed up Mary. To begin with, she's not pushy. She's part earth-mother—her husband and four kids will always be as important to her as any painting she will ever paint—and part the well-brought-up lawyer's daughter from Fredericton who still knows enough to speak only when spoken to. Even Peter Bell, the curator of the Memorial University Art Gallery who arranged her early exhibitions, only finally twigged to the fact there was another Pratt who painted when he came to talk with Chris about *his* paintings. She is, Bell explains, "very, very modest about herself." The woman from the National Gallery who ultimately brought her work to national attention also stumbled on Mary's paintings by accident when—while visiting the Pratts one summer—she happened to walk by the open door to Mary's studio. Mary, not wanting to appear forward about her work, usually kept the door locked when visitors were in the house.

But there were more subtle reasons why the culture-vultures couldn't take Mary seriously. At a time when women's liberation was the talk of all the fashionable Toronto salons, she seemed hopelessly unliberated. She had tossed over her own planned career as a painter back in 1957 so that she could marry Christopher and then, over the next two years, had moved 13 times while he struggled to find himself and his calling. When they did settle down in 1961, it was to a Pratt family house in the Newfoundland hinterlands, far from Mary's friends and the comforts of city life. Even today, Mary--who still isn't an outdoorsy sort and has never learned to drive a car—confesses that she misses urban life. Mary appeared to be the ultimate caricature of "the little woman," the dutiful wife who followed her husband and bore his children and performed all of the domestic doings without complaint.

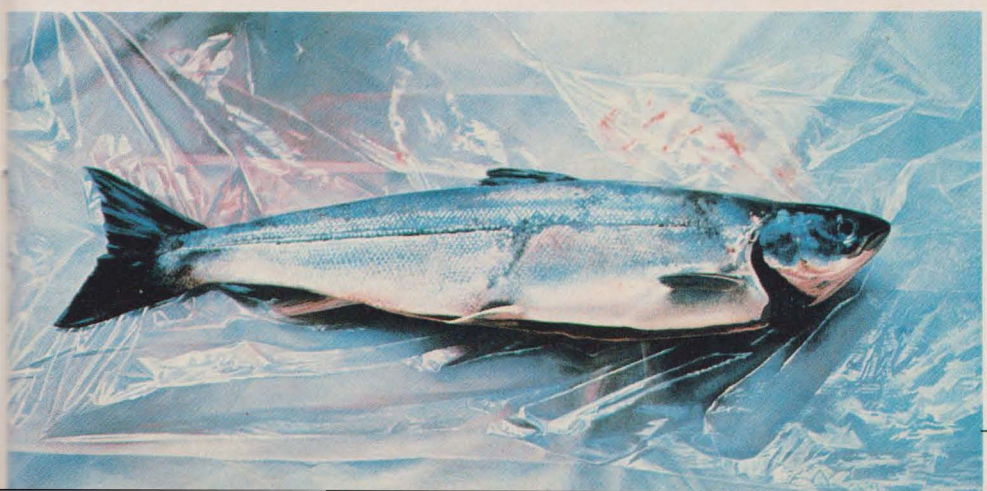
Mary began to paint again only after her four children were old enough to need less of her attention and, in the beginning, her motive was more personal therapy than professional ambition. The subject matter of her paintings seemed oddly old-fashioned. At a time when some feminists were reacting against anything that linked a woman to the kitchen, Mary was painting homey pictures of a head of cabbage or a salmon lying on a piece of saran wrap.

But what the culture-vultures who ignored her and the radical feminists who ridiculed her work failed to see is that underneath that reassuringly soft, stereotypic exterior was a remarkable solid centre, a steely core of confidence and humanism that was as much a part of Mary Pratt's life and art as the salmon she cooks and paints. Even in the bathtub with the hives and the tears brought on by a week of having the culture-vultures violate her home and her self-image, it was clear to anyone who knew her that the centre would still hold.

That centre was moulded, intriguingly, in one of the most genteel homes of one of Canada's most genteel cities. She was born in Fredericton in 1935, one of two daughters of Bill West, a non-smoking, non-drinking, Establish-







ment politician, and his wife. Despite the fact that her father was a mover and shaker in New Brunswick Tory politics and, in fact, served for a time as the province's attorney-general, Mary and her sister were cocooned from the rough-and-tumble of that real world. Whenever her father was campaigning for re-election, for example, the family would be shipped off to Prince Edward Island or to a remote cottage at the mouth of the Miramichi River. Campaign rhetoric was not fit stuff for young ears. "We were protected to the nth degree," Mary admits, "and probably spoiled outrageously too. It was a delightful childhood."

Both her parents dabbled at painting (her father used to illustrate her bedtime stories with drawings), and they naturally encouraged Mary's artistic leanings. "They would look at one of my paintings and tell everyone, 'Oh, Mary's so good at this,' " she remembers. "The truth is those paintings were awful; not nearly as good as the other kids'. But that kind of encouragement is so important for a child. They'd put my pictures in scrapbooks or they'd frame them and put them on the wall. After a while there almost became an obligation to succeed—I don't mean that the way it sounds. It's just that my parents allowed me to believe that I could be the best at painting, that it was my thing. I know everyone probably says it about their parents, but I do feel that I was really privileged to have them."

The confidence they instilled in her was bolstered further when she was 11 and one of her paintings was selected for an international exhibition in Luxembourg. "From that point on," she says, "I was committed." Only once in her youth did she even for a moment consider she might be something other than a painter. "On the day that I went to register at Mount A, the people at the registrar's office told me I didn't really have to go into fine arts, that I was smart enough to do something more important like be a teacher or a nurse. Before that, I had never even considered any other possibility." Her father came to her rescue. "He told me that if I didn't do what I wanted to do now, what would I be when I was 40? 'You'll be crazy,' he said." Mary took fine arts.

Her seatmate in first-year English was a brooding Newfoundlander named Christopher Pratt. Though he was then a pre-med student (he switched later to engineering and finally to art at Mary's urging), he had no idea what he wanted out of university. To amuse himself, he did watercolors. What intrigued Mary

She found inspiration on the kitchen table: From top to bottom, Cod on Tinfoil, Eviscerated Chicken, and Salmon on Saran

most, however, was the fact that he was poet E.J. Pratt's nephew. "That cut a lot of ice with me then," Mary says. "I was very impressionable." She occupied herself for most of that first year trying to get Chris to notice her. She did watercolors of her own, so they'd have something in common. Slowly but surely, she won his interest. "After a few dates, I knew there would be no burning of bridges. I knew that what I wanted most of all was to marry Christopher. Everything else would work itself out."

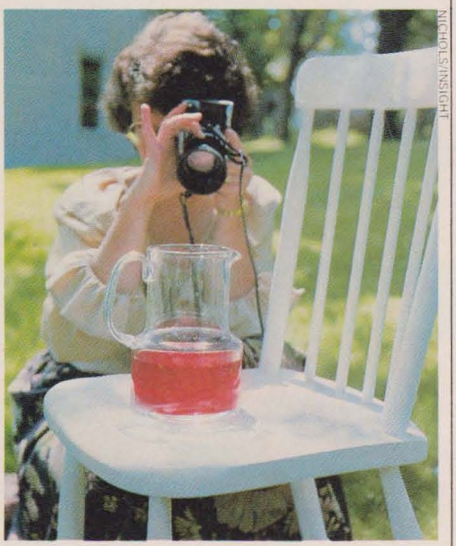
It ultimately did, of course, but in those early years of marriage–when Christopher was roughing in the outlines of his own important reputation as a realist painter and Mary was keeping their brood clothed and fed and cared for in the way she believed children must be looked after–it seemed inevitable that Mary would never return to her own career. Even she sometimes believed that having two children in her arms and another two underfoot was a permanent condition. But she would not have traded those years for all the paintings in the world.

For nearly five years, she didn't paint a single stroke. What finally brought her back to her easel was the unflagging encouragement of her husband and *his* family. Ironically, it was Mary who'd once sold Christopher's family on the idea that painting was a respectable enough career for their son. Her own parents, though they had given her the confidence to pursue her painting as a child, now felt she had a "nice family and a good husband" and should not do anything to detract from Chris's role as "head of the house." "But Christopher was very insistent that I not give up my painting and when his parents came to visit, they would always ask me, 'And where's *your* work?' "

After illustrating a scientific book about the snipe that Christopher was just too busy to bother with, Mary took a new interest in the domestic scenes around her. Snatching an hour here and there, she would paint a fruit bowl or a freshly baked cake or some fish on the kitchen counter. Soon, she had a cupboard full of those "very small, quick paintings." Peter Bell, enchanted by their "slick crudeness, their spontaneity," offered her a show of her own. It was the first real cash income she'd got as a painter and, after that, she began to take her work more seriously.

Mary's paintings became more ambitious, more calculated. At Christopher's suggestion, she began to use color slides to capture her subjects–still the familiar food and fixtures around her in her kitchen–at the perfect moment when the light slipped through the window in some peculiar way that Mary found fascinating. Once, she had dashed off a painting in an hour or so; now she spent weeks and months with her slides, getting down on canvas exactly the right nuance of color and shading. In 1972, after Toronto's Aggregation Gallery began to act as Mary's national agent, it couldn't even begin to keep up with the demand for her work.

For all that, right up until the moment when the ringing telephone interrupted her tears, she still did not



NICHOLS/INSIGHT

Camera helps Pratt freeze scenes



She spends weeks on work like Preserves

consider herself an *important* Canadian artist. She was a woman who painted when she had the time. When painting, she fretted that she was cheating her high school-aged kids of the special kind and quantity of attention adolescents require. She worried that the young girl they had hired to manage the house wouldn't do things exactly the way she did them. But when she wasn't painting, she agonized over that, too. The conflicting roles–wife, mother, painter–all seemed to be pressing in on her, weighing her down.

The culture-vultures couldn't have happened by at a worse time. She was 39, in the early stages of a pregnancy her body was no longer capable of handling, and she felt deathly sick. When they left and she was finally able to retire to the bathtub to wash away the hurt and the anger, Mary Pratt was as depressed as she had ever been. She wondered for an instant what the hell was the point of it all? Any of it.

Then the phone rang. "I remember wrapping myself in the biggest towel I could find and staggering to the phone. When they said they wanted to include me as one of their seven women artists, I couldn't believe it. You've never seen anyone in your life stop crying so fast."

The centre had held.

Today, there is no longer any question in anyone's mind about Mary Pratt's importance to Canadian art. "Pratt's work," wrote Joan Murray in *Arts Canada,* "has a quality of love and even of eroticism–if you define eroticism as an intimate association with something about which you really care."

That uncanny knack of investing the ordinary stuff of everyday life–an unmade bed, chickens waiting to be cooked, trifle in a bowl in the garden–with a loving magic that makes them extraordinary explains why the prices of Mary Pratt paintings now range from $2,000 to $10,000. And why there are so few available at any price. "We have a long list of clients and individuals waiting for a Mary Pratt and we are getting new inquiries all the time," David Tuck of Aggregation Gallery says. He adds that the prices for her work will almost certainly go up. "There is such a demand that there is no place else for prices to go."

But just as important to Mary as her success as a painter–more important, in fact–is her success as a mother. Her four children are now all headed into adulthood, as bright and fine and talented as any mother could hope for. With the youngest off to private school in New Brunswick this fall ("I have real problems with the idea of a private school," says Mary, "but the physics and chemistry courses Edwin wants are just not available locally"), Mary and Chris will, for the first time since they moved to the Pratt place in '61, be alone. Together.

That will be all right too. "It's difficult to know sometimes where Chris begins and Mary ends," says one old friend. "They are a wonderfully tight fit as a couple." Christopher says, "Mary is important to everything I am." Mary reciprocates. "I couldn't imagine my life without Christopher." Back in '57, Mary West was right. The important thing was Mary and Christopher. Everything else has worked out. Very nicely.

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Folks



GEORGE ZIMBEL

Photographer Turner: First exhibit at 90

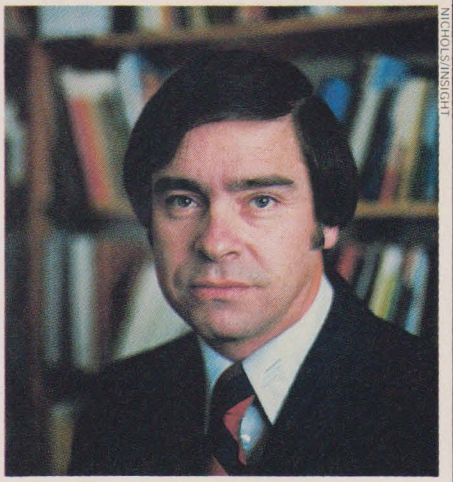
Admirers of photographer **Jack Turner** of O'Leary, P.E.I., are preparing for the first Turner one-man exhibition. He's waited quite a while for the honor. Turner is 90, and still taking and developing his own pictures. When he went to war in 1915, he took his camera (strictly against orders), used film smuggled from home, converted dug-outs and shell-shattered buildings into makeshift print-shops. The result was a unique record of the Canadian soldier in the First World War. A CBC researcher, preparing a Remembrance Day show last autumn, found the photos in the Island archives and, while digging into Turner's background, learned he was not only still alive but also photographically active. He hand-tints photos of Island scenes for sale to tourists, does portraits on commission, creates dioramas with his wartime photos.

Blacksmith Dowd: For horses, she'll go anywhere



TOM BARNES

The first time *Atlantic Insight* called, **Marlene Dowd** didn't have time to talk. She was on her way out to shoe a horse and that's serious business for the Moncton woman who's not only a blacksmith but also a professional farrier—the only woman farrier in the Moncton area and one of only a few in the Maritimes. (A farrier shoes horses and treats their ailments.) Her forge fits into the back of her van, assembles on the ground and plugs into her car's battery. Its portability lets her move easily from working with pleasure or show horses to servicing heavier working animals. "It's hard to get farriers to work on big draft horses," she admits. "Most of those animals haven't been trained to lift their legs and they are like tree trunks." Dowd is busy now and expects no lag in winter: "Horses' feet grow all year. There's no fear about not being busy. The question is going to be whether I'll be able to cope." She's had to give up her fashion commentaries on Moncton radio and has less time for curling and golf. "There's a certain responsibility, looking after a horse," she says, and she goes when she's called.



NICHOLS/INSIGHT

APEC's Doucet: Uniting region is tough

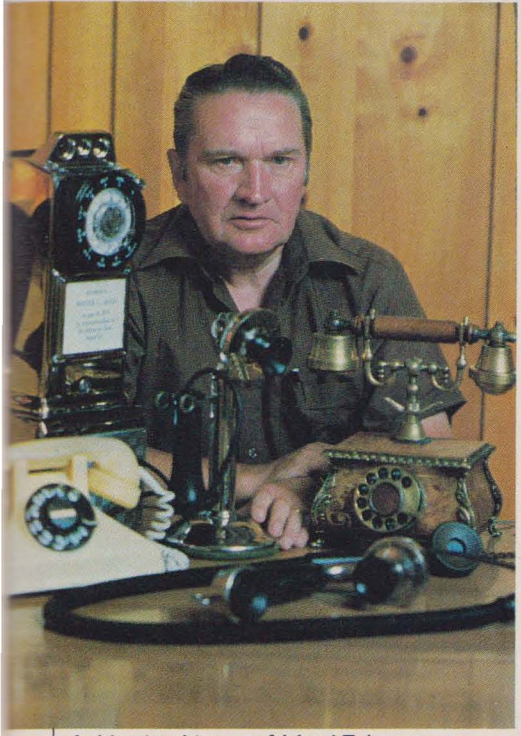
Happy Birthday, dear Atlantic Provinces Economic Council. APEC is an influential fact-finding outfit that, this month, has 25 candles on its cake. President is **Gerald Doucet.** He says APEC depends so little on government funding it enjoys a reputation for "telling it like it is." Pulling together conflicting interests in a "still parochial" region is sometimes tough, and so's coming up with positions "everyone can live with." APEC's having survived a quarter-century of tussles "testifies to its strength." Doucet's no weakling himself. A Tory cabinet minister at 27, he served 11 years in the N.S. legislature but, compared to his pace these days, political life was a breeze: "I've been living out of airports and suitcases for the last six months." He practises law, has several businesses on the go. A single parent with five kids when he quit politics, he remarried last summer, got two more children. He says he's too busy but "my family would tell you I love my work."

Last time Saint John's **Alex Chan** tried to crack the Ontario market with his line of frozen Chinese foods he lost half a million dollars and nearly went bankrupt. That was in 1972. Now he's poised for another try, aiming to boost production from its current 10 million to 80 million egg rolls a year. "Right now we're selling somewhere around five egg rolls per capita in Atlantic Canada," says Chan. It's obviously not enough for the 44-year-old chemical engineer who started the business in the kitchen of a restaurant he ran in 1967 "to fill spare time." If the move into the Ontario market works, Chan's Saint John plant, built in 1970 with $500,000 in DREE funding and the money he got from selling his seven restaurants, will have to expand. That doesn't worry him. Transportation does. So does distribution: "How do you get 500 cases of egg rolls to Thunder Bay?"



JAMES WILSON

Chan's chasing his 80-millionth egg roll



NICHOLS/INSIGHT

Auld writes history of Island Tel



JOE STONE

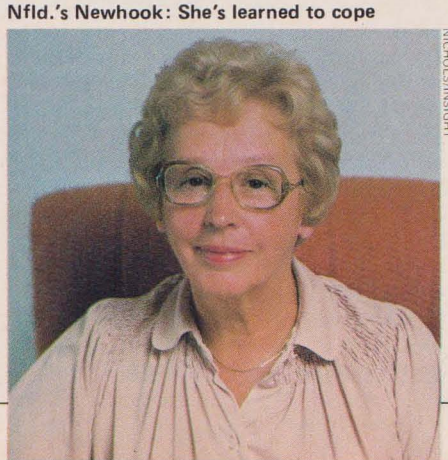
Ogilvie and costumed chums: Can children's year change children's lives?

When **Walter Auld** joined The Island Telephone Co. back in '36, more than 50 phone companies provided just 4,100 telephones on P.E.I. When he retired this summer (as executive vice-president), The Island Telephone Co. was the only one left, but its 41,000 subscribers had more than 60,000 phones. Auld is not hanging up the phone entirely. The company asked him to write a formal history, and he has records dating back to days in which the firm had exactly 11 subscribers, all in Charlottetown. The research should prove fascinating, even funny. The 1888 Directory, for example, tells customers they may make calls on Sundays and holidays only at certain hours, but then adds, "As, however, there is almost always someone about the office, parties wishing to call doctors, give alarms of fires, or any other matter of urgency, may do so."

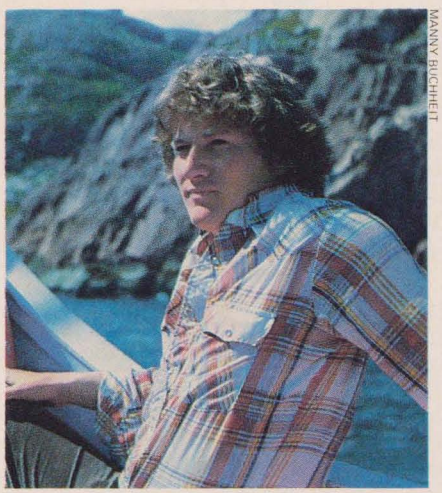
Laws aren't written in stone," the judge says, "and it's up to everyone to monitor all laws concerning children." The judge is **Doris Ogilvie** of Fredericton, and she's head of the Canadian Commission for the International Year of the Child. The Rights of the Child may make beautiful reading, she says, "But we've got to measure our legislation against those rights to insure it covers them." There's a lot to do. Her own province has no corrections facilities for girl delinquents. Battered children are another Commission concern. "It's time we forgot our reluctance to interfere in families' lives," Judge Ogilvie says. She's thinking of kids with drug problems, teen-age pregnancies and the difficulties one-parent children face. "To help children we must also help their families." The Year's real test will lie in the quality of future children's lives and the Commission, she hopes, "could really be stimulating a good overall look at what *should* be the joy of childhood."

A new cabinet post in a new provincial government might daunt some. Not **Hazel Newhook,** minister of Consumer Affairs and Environment in Premier Brian Peckford's Tory government in Newfoundland. As head of Newhook's Automotive Parts in Gander for 28 years, she learned to cope. Emergencies? More than once, some desperate trucker awakened her at 4 a.m. and asked her to go to her store to find a brake lining for a tractor trailer. Hard work? "I never had a vacation until I retired," she says. "When I was looking after the business I used to work 12 to 14 hours a day and then have to come home and do the books. Even when I went to our cabin I took my books." She found time to run for municipal council in Gander and then became mayor. Four years later she and her husband tried retirement but soon gave it up. "I was bored," she says. The provincial election changed all that. It made her the Conservative member for Gander. Her confidence about tackling new responsibilities is unshaken: "What's one more job?"

Nfld.'s Newhook: She's learned to cope



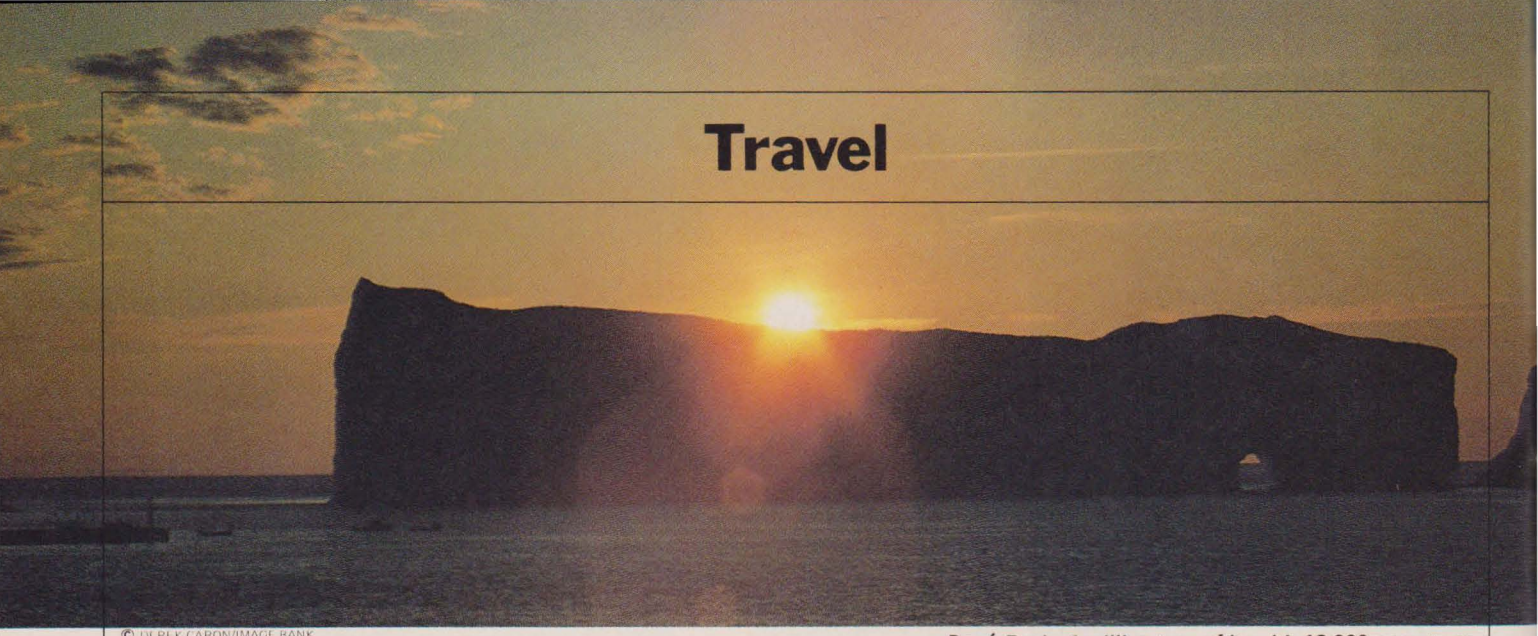
NICHOLS/INSIGHT



MANNY BUCHHEIT

Anonsen watches whales, cooks cod

Each morning as the fishing skiffs cut through St. John's Narrows, **Charlie Anonsen** is close behind in his 1933 Nova Scotia-built Cape Islander. His crew consists of tourists from California, maybe a family from St. John's or a group of shoe salesmen from Toronto. For the next two hours Anonsen, a Norwegian whaler's son, will regale them with stories about the Russian, Portuguese and Spanish ships in the harbor and take them cod jigging off Cape Spear, North America's easternmost tip. He'll cook up their catch on the spot and even have a friend play dinner music on the accordion. If there are no fish, there are always whales to watch and, in the spring, perhaps an iceberg breaking up. Anonsen, 25, used to work on Nfld.'s floating museum, the *Norma and Gladys,* and in winter he's a federal Fisheries observer on foreign vessels. He started his charter business when friends complained no one would take them fishing. Sixty percent of his passengers are Newfoundlanders who can't get enough of the sea.



© DEREK CARON/IMAGE BANK

Percé Rock: 4 million tons of it, with 13,000 years to go

Gorgeous Gaspé

By Robert Stewart

At the Belle Plage Hotel in Matane, a red-coated doorman stepped out smartly to take our luggage. Hearing my dreadful French, the girl at the reception desk switched to fluent English straight away. Jackets were mandatory in the dining room, where a boiled lobster cost $17. In the harbor were sailboats and cabin cruisers. Strict rows of brick bungalows lined the approaches to the town.

Geography books say the Gaspé Peninsula begins 40 miles west of Matane, but for me this is where the Gaspé ended. The new world had bulled in on a region that retains a remarkable measure of the slow-going gentility of the old. In Port-Daniel or Anse-au-Griffon, a pleasure craft would be as out of place as a local fisherman jogging. Four dollars would buy you a pound-and-a-half lobster. You could speak English until your jaws were sore, but you wouldn't be understood.

Ah well, it was great while it lasted. As every schoolboy knows—every Québécois schoolboy, anyway—Quebec is Canada's largest maritime province, with more miles of salt-water coastline than all the other Atlantic provinces combined. The Gaspé is the part of it that is most like the Maritimes in lifestyle, ambience and scenery. But just as Quebec is Canada with a difference, the Gaspé is the Maritimes with a difference. After this trip, I can only say *vive la différence.*

We began our 500-mile drive around the peninsula at Matapedia, across the Restigouche River from northern New Brunswick. Here the similarities to the Maritimes are most marked. It's Atlantic salmon country. In the dining room of the tasteful Restigouche Hotel, filthy-rich American anglers discuss the relative efficacy of the Rat-Faced McDougall and the Thunder and Lightning. It's a breath of the old days when the likes of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Jack Dempsey and Bing Crosby came to the confluence of the Matapedia and Restigouche to stalk the *salmo salar.*

Matapedia is a typical Quebec border town to which residents of the adjacent province come to enjoy realistic liquor laws. Beer to go is dispensed from a side door of the hotel till 2 a.m. In Quebec there is none of the threat of running dry that hangs over the heads of imbibing tourists in the other Atlantic provinces. There are provincial liquor outlets in all the larger centres—in a trailer or a converted fish shed, if need be—and countless *épiceries* (grocery stores) sell beer, wine and cider every day of the week.

We headed east along the Quebec side of the Baie des Chaleurs, so called because Jacques Cartier arrived there in 1542 during a heat wave. On the day we drove by it, it reminded us more of another historic visitor who successfully battled a French naval force here in 1760—Admiral John Byron, Lord Byron's grandfather, known as "Foul-weather Jack." It's rather dreary country anyway, much like its counterpart across in New Brunswick. The scenery livens up around Bonaventure, another great salmon-fishing spot which boasts a pleasant sand beach and good food and accommodation at the old-fashioned Chateau Blanc Hotel. Here you catch a glimpse of the traditional Gaspé as a fishing chaloupe glides by your window using its sail for trim.

Bonaventure was founded by Acadian refugees after their infamous expulsion, and its museum commemorates the early Acadian way of life. A few miles on there's another old refugee colony, New Carlisle, mainly populated by the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists that the American Revolution displaced. They are the forgotten cousins of Loyalist families of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. These days, they find themselves clinging doggedly to their English-speaking heritage in the face of Quebec's restrictive language law.

Well over two-thirds of New Carlisle's 1,700 inhabitants speak mostly English. Elsewhere in the Gaspé, which is overwhelmingly francophone (through some miracle of statistics, one village is 108% French-speaking), many "English" have been assimilated into the majority culture, accounting for such resonant names as Antoine Harrison, Rosaire McMullen, and Jean-Eudes Ross. The anglos of this leafy, white-painted community, however, blithely assert their right to live out their lives in their mother tongue, and they appear far less frightened that Quebec will ever separate than the timid tycoons of Montreal's Dorchester Boulevard. This is partly because most of them are bilingual, and partly because there is little friction between them and their French-speaking neighbors. "We get along fine with the French and we always have," a lady with a slight Irish lilt in her voice tells you. "Just fine."

It's a typically Canadian irony that New Carlisle's most famous son is the man who is viewed as the arch-enemy of Quebec's anglos, René Lévesque. The Parti Québécois premier evinces a keen resentment of Québécois having to speak English in their own province, and this doubtless comes from having been brought up in the intensely English atmosphere of New Carlisle. Oldtimers around here remember him as a cheeky kid, and that is how they still regard him. Between puffs on a cigarette, he is still throwing stones at the placid



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"It's the way one feels Atlantic Canada should look"



GOUVERNEMENT DU QUÉBEC

Fishermen may sell salmon they catch accidentally. They're accident-prone

facades of *les maudits Anglais,* exactly as he did when he was in knee pants.

From New Carlisle the coastline rises through several smaller Loyalist settlements of neat clapboard houses and picket fences. It's the way one feels Atlantic Canada *should* look, but so seldom does. This was once a land of extravagant dreams: New Carlisle and the nearby township of Hope were laid out to become big cities teeming with industrious folk loyal to their sovereign. Appropriately, New Carlisle is the former terminus of the Quebec & Oriental Railway, which was supposed to run halfway around the world to Murmansk via a trestle over the Bering Strait. About 100 miles of track were laid in the direction of Russia in the 1890s before the promoter went broke.

The peninsula is tipped upward like the prow of a ship. By the time you near its southern end, about 150 miles from Matapedia, you have risen several hundred feet above the sea. From a point above Grande Rivière, I watched a lone *pêcheur* land at the wharf and throw big salmon into the back of his pickup truck. Commercial salmon fishing is banned in the estuaries of the rivers of the Gaspé, but somehow there is always fresh poached salmon on Gaspesian menus. A federal Fisheries official explained that the fishermen are allowed to sell salmon caught accidentally. In the Gaspé, both the fish and fishermen seem uncommonly accident-prone.

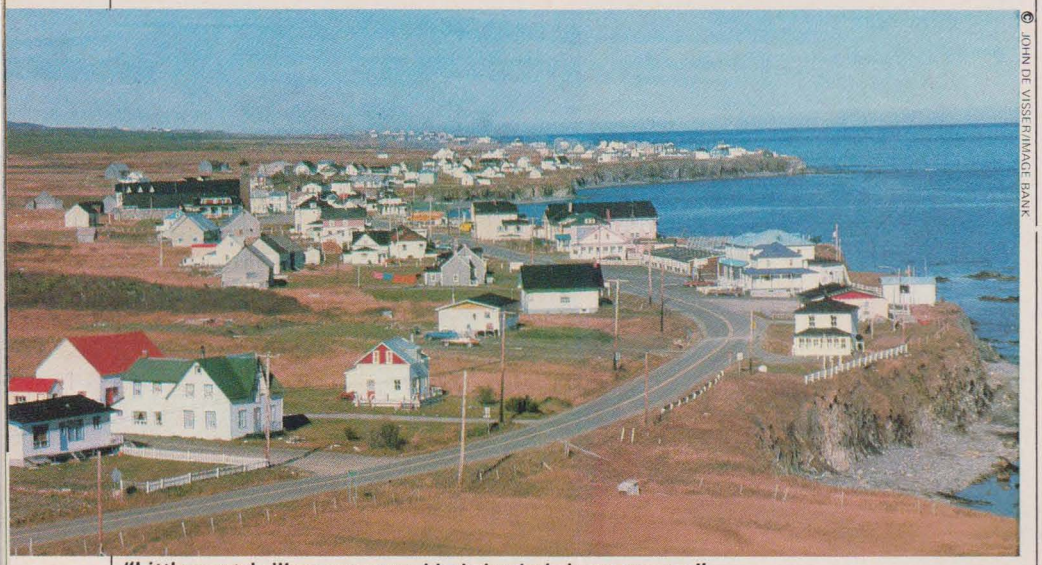
The road here winds around sandstone cliffs hanging spectacularly over the open water until you come to the road signs saying Percé. The trouble is, you don't see the fabled Percé Rock. You do, however, get a good view of Bonaventure Island, perhaps the world's greatest seabird sanctuary, alive with gannets, cormorants, puffins, mers, terns and gulls of all descriptions. It was a little late in the day for us to take a boat across the three miles of water that separates it from the mainland. But it's always possible to book such an excursion. We settled for finding a quiet spot on the beach across from it and eating the lobsters we had bought at the poissonnerie in L'Anse-au-Beaufils. These little fish shops are to be found all along the Gaspé coast. So are accessible places to picnic in peace.

Anyway, there we were at Percé, and no Percé Rock. Had they taken it in for the night, or had it succumbed to the erosion that eats it, and crumbled? No, we drove around another bend, and there it was rising out of the sea. I have always wondered what all the fuss could be about a chunk of rock, especially a defective one split in two parts with a 60-foot hole in it. My first sight of it did nothing to allay my suspicion that it is a come-on promoted by Kodak to sell film.

Its dimensions are, to be sure, something to behold: 285 feet high, 1,500 feet long, weighing something like 4 million tons above sea level. Despite a loss of about 300 tons a year to erosion, it should remain in place for another 13,000 years. But to me it looked more or less like the posters except that masses of birds were in constant motion along its crest.

Agnes had remarked on the most un-Quebec-like absence of touristy kitsch on the way from Matapedia. In the town of Percé was all the kitsch we had missed—souvenir stands, an amusement arcade, McDonald-style hamburger joints, the lot. We didn't linger. Driving into the towering mountains beyond the town, I looked back at the receding vista and realized what it is about Percé Rock that turns people on.

Seen side-wise, standing in the


© JOHN DE VISSER/IMAGE BANK

"Little coastal villages present a higgledy-piggledy appearance"

water like the head of an axe, it is incredibly dramatic, especially when the dying sun starts playing tricks with its colors. As we climbed mile after mile away from it, it kept coming into view from different angles, turning mauve, then crimson, then bronze. I was sold, but I still think it's a pity that this one freak rock receives so much attention at the expense of the grandeur of the rest of the Gaspé. The great geologist Sir William Logan, whose monument is at Percé, declared he had never experienced scenery like it. For sheer magnificence, he put it ahead of the Swiss Alps. Logan may have been a trifle prejudiced, for he was the first white man to cross the mountains of the interior, and he loved this part of the country with a passion. But he was not far wrong.

The Gaspé Peninsula has always held a special place in the hearts of geologists, for in its stratified rock they can read the story of creation. It is the very end of the Appalachian system, where, eons ago, titanic tides of volcanic rock splashed up against primeval ramparts of the Canadian Shield to form the St. Lawrence River trench. The Shickshock Mountains of the Gaspé, rising to almost 5,000 feet, are testimony to all that happened in this clash of unimaginable forces. The giant swirls of friable matter that stand out on the cliffsides of those mountains today are the stretch-marks of the birth of the present planet Earth.

Along Gaspé Bay you embark on an automotive roller-coaster ride as Route 132 climbs into the clouds and then plunges corkscrew fashion, down to the little coastal villages. From the mountain tops, they present a higgledy-piggledy appearance, as if someone had dropped the pieces of a Monopoly game. The highway continues in this way for a couple of hundred miles, most of it up, down, and sideways. Quebec's new unilingual road signs warn: "Compression." Loosely translated, this means get the hell into low gear and hang on to your back teeth.

The town of Gaspé ain't what it used to be. Once a picturesque village populated by retired professors, tea-sipping Anglican ministers and the like, it is now an unlively industrial community with an indoor shopping mall. In Gaspé town, the serene old way of life lives on only in a museum. But—much to the despair of the Quebec bureaucracy's progress-minded *planificateurs*—it is alive and well in the fishing villages of the north shore.

There, girls up to the age of twelve or so go around in long home-made dresses with ribbons in their hair. The occasional fisherman may be seen wearing the traditional woollen tuque. Horse-drawn carts trundle fish boxes up from the wharfs. Split cod dry in the sun on wooden stands on the beaches. Roadside crosses and crèches are everywhere. The washer-dryer has never arrived in this land, where every day seems to be wash day, and the loudest sound is from the laundry snapping in the stiff sea breeze.

Gaspesians are relaxed, friendly, and humorous. In my favorite spot on the north shore, Rivière Madeleine, where we holed up cozily during a storm in the Bon Accueil Hotel, *les gars* hanging around the general store got a great kick out of trying to talk Agnes into buying a comical little plastic umbrella decorated with fleur-de-lis. We found the Bon Accueil the best of a very good lot. In contrast to the Maritimes, the Gaspé abounds in gracious old hotels to which comfortable motel units have been added. Their restaurants specialized in well-prepared seafood and Québécois cuisine such as bread baked in outdoor ovens, pea soup and sugar pie. A creditable selection of wines is usually available. I can't recall a single poor meal on this trip—and I also can't recall taking an extended trip in any other part of Canada on which poor meals were not the norm.

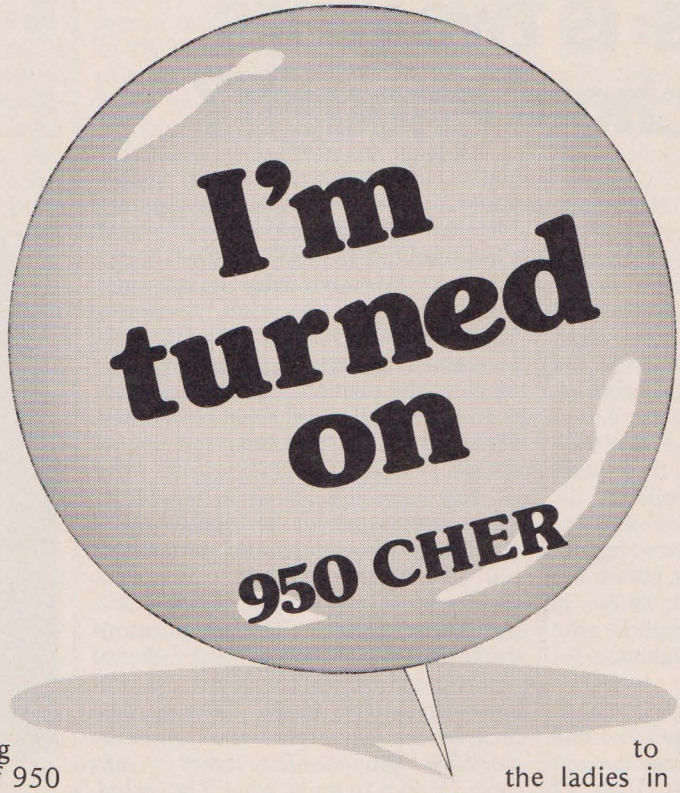
Ah yes—come to think of it, there *was* one poor meal. We decided to depart from the coast to have a look at Gaspé Provincial Park, one of several forest reserves which cover much of the interior, and where there is good fishing for trout. We took along some ground beef for making hamburgers at a roadside *halte*, where fireplaces for barbecues are available. It was there I created smoked steak tartare, a dish without a future. Otherwise, we got by fine on our trip to the Gaspé. Just fine.

A little "bling" goes a long way

P.G. Wodehouse once noted the look of trepidation that is seen only on the face of an Englishman who is about to speak French. Since most Gaspesians speak no English, anglophone tourists in the Gaspé may find themselves wearing that expression much of the time. The easiest approach to this French fact is about as old as Marco Polo—use a phrase book. If English Canadians can swarm over Europe with a combination of phrase book and sign language, then surely they can do so in Quebec.

Unfortunately, most English-French phrase books are for use in Europe, so in Quebec you might have a problem with North Americanisms. For example, *le trouble* with your *char* may be that *le switch pour le starteur marche pas.*

In general, though, you'd be surprised at how far basic bad French can take you in Quebec. To save embarrassment, it's advisable to open up in French and plunge on unless your interlocutor switches to English. If someone speaks English better than you speak French, he or she will soon let you know. Here are a few local phrases to watch out for: *auberge* (an inn, which may or may not be called a hotel); *dépanneur* (a corner, or handy, store); *épicerie* (a full-scale grocery store); *casse-croûte* (a snack bar); *cantine* (a roadside hot-dog stand); and *halte* (where the *toilettes* are located). Otherwise, in the spirit of the Quebec dialect called "bling," most of the French names for things approximate the equivalent English words.



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Nfld. asks: Is two years of high school enough?

As summer ended and Newfoundland teen-agers prepared to flock back to high school, the most stubborn educational controversy in the province remained both unresolved and unquiet. It was simply that, in Newfoundland and Labrador, high school stops at Grade 11. In the Maritimes, students graduate after Grade 12. A Newfoundland student might cheerfully argue, "It takes mainlanders three years to learn what we can in two," and the system does cram a great deal into the curriculum. Not enough, however, to silence persistent grumbling about the quality of high-school education in Newfoundland, nor to satisfy those who want the immediate introduction of Grade 12.

The question arose as far back as '64 when the province named Dr. Phil Warren head of a commission that, as Warren now remembers, felt Grade 12 "wasn't appropriate to the province. Instead, we recommended a series of regional colleges." (The Sir Wilfred Grenfell College, Corner Brook, is a result.) In '77, some of Newfoundland's top educators joined an advisory committee to the Education minister and after 15 months of work, came up with a badly written, 29-page report that strongly urged the introduction of Grade 12.

The report argued that the two-year program was too short to cover both the basics and the enrichment courses students needed to meet the demands of modern society; graduated immature students (usually at age 16); and was out of kilter with North America's school system. The report also posed the most painful dilemma of secondary education in Newfoundland: What can the schools do when the public demands both a back-to-basics curriculum and, at the same time, sex and drug education, vocational programs, teaching in environmental awareness and a host of other socially relevant courses?

Not only the advisory committee but also the Newfoundland Teachers' Association, the recent report of a task force on education, and a number of prominent educators urge Grade 12 for Newfoundland. All, however, have reservations, some of which are financial. Implementing Grade 12 would cost at least $9 million in each of the three years it would take to do it. It would require 240 new classrooms, salaries for 250 more teachers, money for buses, books, supplies. Newfoundland is not rich and, already, education eats up $285,477,500 (26.5%) of the provincial government's annual spending. But tough as the financial picture is, it is not as tough as redesigning the curriculum. That means revamping the entire system.

Some feel it's here that the advisory committee over-simplified the Grade 12 question. A bureaucrat explained that it can take three years just to introduce one book on one subject to one grade. Dr. Arthur Sullivan, first president of the Corner Brook college (and father of nine) favors bringing in Grade 12, but not with foolish haste: "The curriculum, before it's implemented, must be carefully planned. That takes a long time. I'd like to know what'll be included in the three-year program, and I'd like to know this well before September, 1980." Sullivan feels introducing Grade 12 without good planning would be inviting "an academic disaster."

Warren, too, prefers caution to speed. He'd like to see the government produce a white paper to spell out exactly how Newfoundland would bring in Grade 12: "We need to evolve the programs carefully, and we have to cost it much more accurately." Meanwhile, the schools and the Education Department are wrestling with the implications of the change, and the struggle has plunged the department into confusion.

The ministry faces other problems, too. At least half of all Newfoundland students never graduate even from the two-year high-school program, and sniping at the entire Newfoundland educational scene threatens to become an artillery barrage. Moreover, the department is reeling from the near-simultaneous delivery of both a report on Grade 12 and the report of the task force on education while, at the same time, it's been restructuring several courses. To make matters worse, weak leadership and inner turmoil have afflicted the department for years. For the new Education minister, 28-year-old Lynn Verge, Corner Brook, it may be a long, tricky winter. The trickiest part of it will be the Grade 12 hassle.



NICHOLS/INSIGHT

Verge: Grade 12 may be her biggest hassle

In Lorne, N.B. French fact loses

School District 3 is a classic case of French-English polarization

The words on the road sign directing motorists on northern New Brunswick's Route 11 to the village of Lorne in provincial School District 3 bear a unique irony: "United we stand—Together we work." But you don't hear much about unity and togetherness in Lorne these days. Like many problems in Canada's only officially bilingual province, District 3's dilemma centres on language of instruction in the schools.

Until recently, District 3 consisted of the eastern half of Restigouche County along the Baie des Chaleurs, stretching 30 miles from the village of

Balmoral through the town of Dalhousie along Route 11 to Jacquet River. Since 1967 it's had a bilingual school board, under a provincial policy effective wherever both offical languages are spoken. But this June, Education Minister Charles Gallagher announced a decision to create two unilingual school boards out of District 3. He was responding to a popular movement toward splitting bilingual school boards into unilingual ones that had already caused similar changes in Moncton and Bathurst and will likely cause them in Kent County.

In District 3, agitation for the split began with a deluge of briefs and petitions which rapidly led to school board resignations, rumors of violence and threats to individuals. In 1978 the financially pressed board closed a French school and decided to bus English students to a bilingual school. Both language groups resisted. By the time the New Brunswick Commission on the Organization and Boundaries of School Districts arrived in Dalhousie for public hearings last March, they faced 32 briefs, the overwhelming majority recommending split unilingual school boards.

On the side of the proposed split were all French and English home and school associations, the New Brunswick Teachers' Association, the Association des enseignants francophones du Nouveau Brunswick, the Concerned Parents Group, the Parti Acadien and several individuals, including the mayor of Dalhousie. Against the split was the existing school board. When the principals and vice-principals of all French schools resigned in April, they forced the board's hand. Several members resigned. Those remaining voted unanimously to recommend splitting the board. One trustee said the vote was taken "with a heavy heart, but hoping that peace would at last be restored to District 3."

Bilingual District 3 was already small (11 schools, about 2,000 students) and the split districts may not be viable as administrative units. The result could be amalgamation of the French unit with Campbellton District 2, to the west, and of the English unit with the English board to the east. Numbers, not community interests, will decide the outcome.

At the centre of the dilemma is Lorne, population 1,000. Roughly 85% of its families have French names. Today, however, almost none of the children—but all of the adults—speak French. Even in the old bilingual district, a Grade 1 student who wanted instruction in French had to be bused to Charlo (round trip, 35 miles). Lorne had French classes until 1975. Then they were discontinued, for reasons that vary according to whom you ask. The school board says it was lack of interest. Others claim French was deliberately downplayed because of a plan by the nearby (English) Jacquet River School to assimilate the Lorne students and preserve its own existence.

Under the new split boards the Lorne school will remain English. But now parents who want their children educated in French will have to bus them to Balmoral or Eel River Crossing (round trip, 50 miles). Father Fernand Albert, Lorne's parish priest, admits, "If we opened a French school in Lorne tomorrow, I'm not sure it would have any students." But local residents see a continued threat to the preservation of French in the community.

Francophones, naturally, have resisted attempts to cut back on French-language instruction. Anglophones have retaliated in kind. One letter writer to the Dalhousie *News* referred angrily to the "French Cultural Centre of Charlo." She meant the Charlo bilingual school. Whether divided school boards—and educationally divided communities—can unite New Brunswick's language groups remains to be seen.

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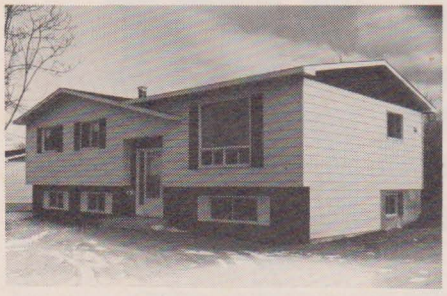
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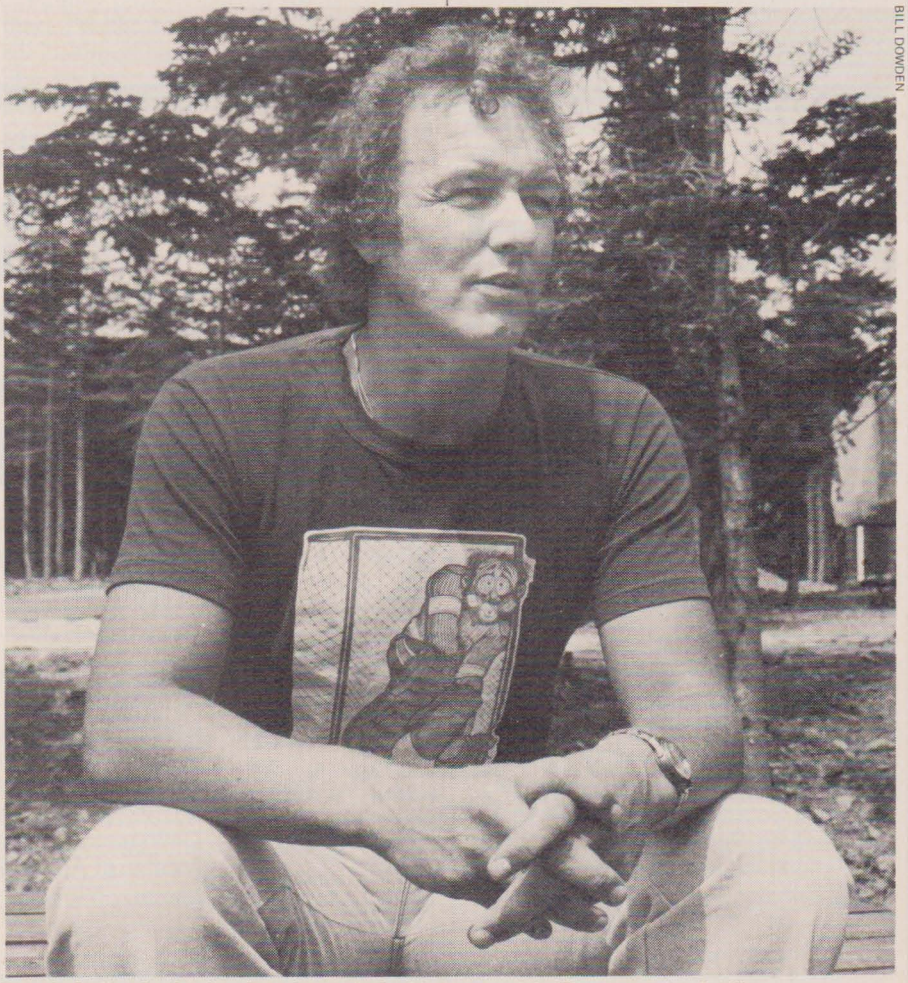
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Nfld.'s only NHL goalie: What next, Doug Grant?

Thousands of puck-stopping hours ago, Doug Grant of Corner Brook was a 10-year-old forward for a team with no regular goalie. Everyone took turns in the net, and on Grant's first try, he got a shutout. He went on from there. He kept on stopping pucks till he made it all the way to the National Hockey League. There's no shortage of professional athletes whose careers began with similar quirks of fate, but Grant's story is noteworthy because he's the *only* Newfoundlander ever to play goal in the NHL. Moreover, he's only the third Newfoundlander to play any position in a regular-season NHL game.

That's why every Newfoundland sports fan knows who Grant is—and knows, too, that he's made a pack of money in a way armchair jocks can only dream about. The shortage of Newfoundlanders in the NHL mystifies even him. "Well," he says, "it could be, there's a lot more facilities on the mainland than we have here. And they can get more coaches who've come from the pro and semi-pro ranks." It could be, too, that scouts are ignorant of Newfoundland hockey talent or just not interested in trying to find it. "Kids in the Maritime provinces and Newfoundland are as good as anywhere else," Grant says. "They're just as strong and just as co-ordinated....It's just a matter of getting more ice time and getting a good level of coaching."

Grant had played senior hockey in Newfoundland for years before he ever saw a pro scout. By then he was with the Memorial University Beothucks and the scout showed up not in Newfoundland but in Halifax, after a game against



BILL DOWDEN

Grant's feeling for hockey has changed: At 31, he says, it's "like any other job"

Saint Mary's University. That was in '71. Grant has since had a grinding career in pro hockey. Few goalies have carried their gear into more rinks. He played well for NHL teams whose defence would have made a Bobby Orr or a Doug Harvey weep. Or maybe laugh. But he has also shuffled between the NHL and the minors so often that, at times, he's appeared as a scapegoat for teams in some never-never land of hockey. He has said so himself, occasionally bitterly.

But he's an amiable, soft-spoken athlete, and when *Atlantic Insight* caught up with him this summer, he wasn't in the mood to bad-mouth NHL management. He was in a campground on the outskirts of St. John's, getting ready to load his trailer and hit the road with his wife Rosalind and young son Dougie. "I should have been allowed to play more games with St. Louis the last two years," he said. He positioned his six-foot-one-inch frame in a lawnchair and rattled off 1977 and 1978 statistics to prove his point: A goals-against-average of just over 3.00 on a team with a porous defence; wins over such NHL giants as Montreal and the New York Islanders. But further than that, he would not go.

Diplomatically, he allowed that hockey management has the right to make the decisions it feels will improve a team, and sometimes you have to let those decisions go unquestioned. Just as people do in any business. And for Grant, at 31, that's what hockey has become. A business. "I guess your feelings for the game change over the years," he said. "When you start, it's a lot more fun. After a while, you realize it's a job, just like any other job." As a youth, he'd played hockey only for fun. He'd had no burning desire to crack a big-league lineup.

But the chat with the scout in Halifax, eight years ago, paid off. He got a successful try-out with the Detroit Red Wings, and this started him on the yo-yo career that brought him to the St. Louis Blues organization. He signed a six-year contract with the Blues, totalling a reported $500,000; but he spent much of last season with a St. Louis minor-league affiliate in Utah. His contract with the Blues has expired, and when *Atlantic Insight* talked with him in mid-summer, he was still wondering if he and the Blues would reach a deal to enable him to stay in pro hockey. If not, he said, he could always accept the good job a Newfoundland outfit had offered him. (It's not playing hockey.) And he could comfort himself with the fact that he, Alex Faulkner and Tony White are still the only Newfoundlanders ever to have made it to the NHL.

— **Bob Wakeham**

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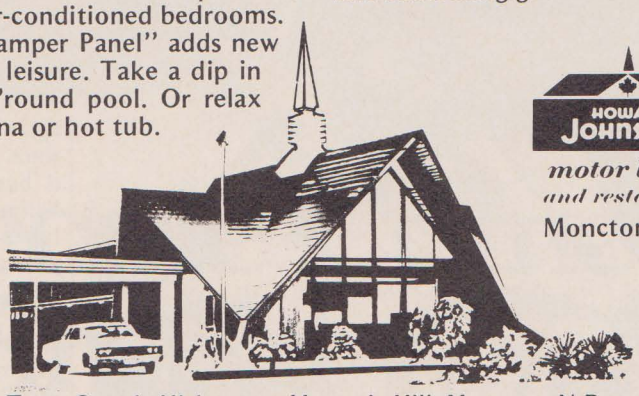
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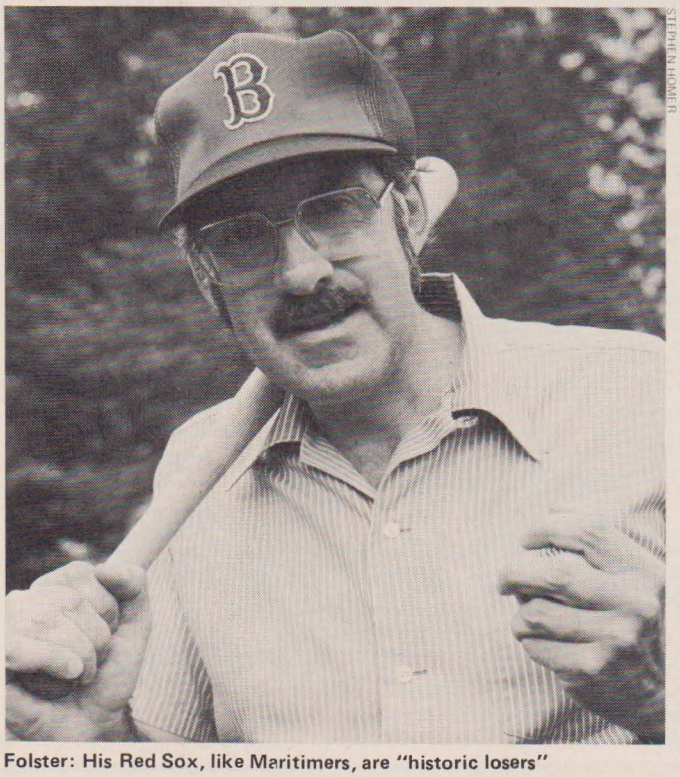
Confessions of an unregenerate Red Sox fan

By David Folster

Twisting the dial of our family's old radio one autumn afternoon in '46, I happened on my first baseball broadcast. It was a World Series contest between St. Louis Cardinals and Boston Red Sox, and, for whatever reason, I was instantly smitten. Before the Series ended I was a Red Sox rooter, and particularly for their heroic slugger, Ted Williams. Thus, at the age of nine, I charted the course of much of my future life. Baseball does that to you. Only aficionados fully understand how a youth can pass into ostensible maturity and still have his moods rise and fall according to the Bosox' fortunes, can spend countless hours listening to or viewing ballgames, can experience a perceptible lift when spring training begins the season and a palpable drop when fall declares it's over.

Long after this process began with me, I discovered other Maritimers were Red Sox fanatics. Compiling a list of them ought to be worth a Canada Council grant; the list, after all, would reflect the north-south flow of regional cultural interests. My personal compendium includes: Judge Robert Higgins, who used to seek release from his duties as leader of the New Brunswick Liberals by catching Red Sox broadcasts in the warm summer breezes that wafted over his cottage on the Kingston Peninsula; the Island's Harry Fraser, author of the famed potato newsletter, who has been known to wear his Sox cap on plane trips; Fredericton author Kent Thompson, who believes Maritimers identify with the Bosox' "aristocratic style"; and CBC producer Leon Cole, once so desperate for a baseball "fix" that he spent whole evenings parked on a roadside near Fredericton, the only place he could pick up the Boston broadcasts.

True, Montreal Expos and, to a lesser extent, Toronto Blue Jays have lately encroached on Boston's Atlantic Canadian territory. Some younger fans have yielded to misplaced nationalism and begun rooting for these so-called "Canadian" teams. But to us older sods, with our reverence for tradition and an understanding of what is *real* in life, Boston's Fenway Park (a thing of beauty precisely because its grass is real and its dimensions are cosy and non-Olympian) is Mecca. And the Red Sox are forever.



STEPHEN HOOPER

Folster: His Red Sox, like Maritimers, are "historic losers"

But I must confess: To be a Red Sox fan is to be a masochist. Boston hasn't won the World Series since 1918. Indeed, it has reached the Series just three times in the last 61 years. What really hurts, though, is the team's penchant for Shakespearean tragedy—usually with the repugnant New York Yankees as chief antagonist. Every Boston fan agonizes over the memory of late-inning collapses before the onrush of the kryptonian Bronx Bombers.

Why should all this matter to a Maritimer? Columnist Charles Lynch has suggested the secret lies in the common bond of Boston, Halifax, Saint John and St. John's as "Irish places." Bill Bauer, however, a University of New Brunswick writer and poet, described a more embracing theory: The Red Sox and the Maritimers share an image as "historic losers." Both the team and the region are long-suffering. Both are accustomed to having their hopes dashed. Both still manage to maintain a sense of dignity, a touch of class. I find this the most attractive explanation of Red Sox worship in Atlantic Canada; it even makes losing close to palatable.

The geographical proximity of Boston and the Maritimes is another factor. Dr. Robert Lund, a Charlottetown physician, began hitch-hiking to Fenway Park while still in college. (He goes more often now, and by better transportation.) Jim Morell, an official of the New Brunswick Youth Department, says highlights of his early Boston trips were visits to the dingy upstairs digs of equipment-supplier Tim McAuliffe to buy a new Red Sox hat. In my own family's case, we had relatives in the "Boston States" and that made it even more attractive to go down there and take in a ballgame. Nowadays I make annual treks with friends to Fenway Park, and using our journalistic credentials, we get into the dugout and locker-room for a few moments of hero worship. Once, as a mere Sox rookie loomed nearby, one of my companions whispered to me, "You know, if that was Henry Kissinger standing there, I couldn't be more in awe." He was serious.

Radio used to keep fans in touch, but now the electronic tentacles of cablevision pulse with the sustaining lifeblood and send it into Charlottetown, Halifax, Saint John and other Maritime communities. With 63 Sox games on the tube this summer (via Bangor, Me.), Maritime fans have been able to endure the agony of their times in living color. So now it's September. The stretch run looms, and hope, sprung eternal only a few months ago, flickers yet in the autumnal twilight. Never mind. If not this year, then next, or perhaps the year after, the Sox will triumph. The law of averages suggests it, and as every Boston fan feels in his wracked bones, heaven will surely ordain it.





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Storm warning: Acadians meet to discuss power

Hundreds of New Brunswick Acadians will show up in Edmundston, Oct. 6-8, for a meeting that Jean-Claude LeBlanc says will be "Acadie in miniature." LeBlanc is president of the Société des Acadiens du Nouveau Brunswick (SANB). It's the body that's organizing the conference—the first time in the 375 years since Champlain's little gang wintered in New Brunswick that so many Acadians have ever got together to discuss how to get more political power. SANB calls the meeting *Le Projet Collectif Acadien,* and has asked delegates to bring proposals not only to increase Acadian power but also to make sure any new Canadian constitution takes Acadian aspirations into account.

By mid-summer, funding for *Le Projet* was itself an ironic comment on just how much power Acadians enjoy in New Brunswick. The Quebec government had kicked in $65,000 for the conference, the New Brunswick government a mere $10,000. The feds had sent $21,000 but organizers were still hoping for more from the Secretary of State. Local fund-raising programs would help delegates cover expenses, and SANB would come up with $165,000. Total cost: Maybe $400,000.

SANB asked 136 Catholic parishes to announce *Le Projet* and to organize committees to nominate delegates. Acadian organizations also spread the word, found delegates. At public meetings in hamlets and cities, SANB's message was this: *Political power is the only way to touch every aspect of Acadian development. Acadians must learn to play the political game. Come to Edmundston.*

The campaign was only partly successful. Some accuse the 3,000-member SANB of being elitist. Others call it a voice for the Parti Acadien (which wants a separate Acadian province), and SANB's sponsorship of *Le Projet* further exposed it to such criticism. Bathurst lawyer Fernand Landry, past president of the National Society of Acadians, said the Parti Acadien had the savvy and skill to round up more delegates than its popularity warranted, and might manipulate *Le Projet*. Political scientist Jean-Guy Finn also felt *Le Projet* would attract the militantly nationalistic but "what no one has explained to me is how they are going to persuade the laborer, the fisherman, the farmer, the members of the so-called silent majority to sign up."

It's not easy to sell Acadians on seeking power. Landry says the fact Louis Robichaud was premier for a decade suggests Acadians *can* wield power; but, as Finn states, "Acadians have a high turnout at elections but don't take politics seriously." And SANB president LeBlanc explains that, historically, Acadians lived as independent producers in small communities where their language and culture were safe. Ironically, the very Equal Opportunity programs that the Robichaud government introduced in the Sixties to help Acadians may, in some ways, have weakened their control over their own development.

Many New Brunswick French don't think of themselves as Acadian. Many have adapted to life in basically English towns and cities. Others fear that a meeting to discuss political power will anger the English and, in the long run, invite a conflict Acadians can only lose. Finally, as Alice Breau put it, "A lot of ordinary people don't see politics as part of their lives, and they don't see why they should be involved."

Breau, a professor of social work at the Université de Moncton, says Acadians simply haven't the economic power that makes political power possible. Her theory will undoubtedly be a topic at *Le Projet*. "The poorest parts of the province are those with the highest concentration of Acadians," she says. "The northeast, for instance, has the lowest average salaries, the highest rate of unemployment, the highest rate of households on welfare." She adds, "Politics goes over the heads of the economically deprived. They just aren't conscious of the economic situation in relation to political power." Breau is a feminist.

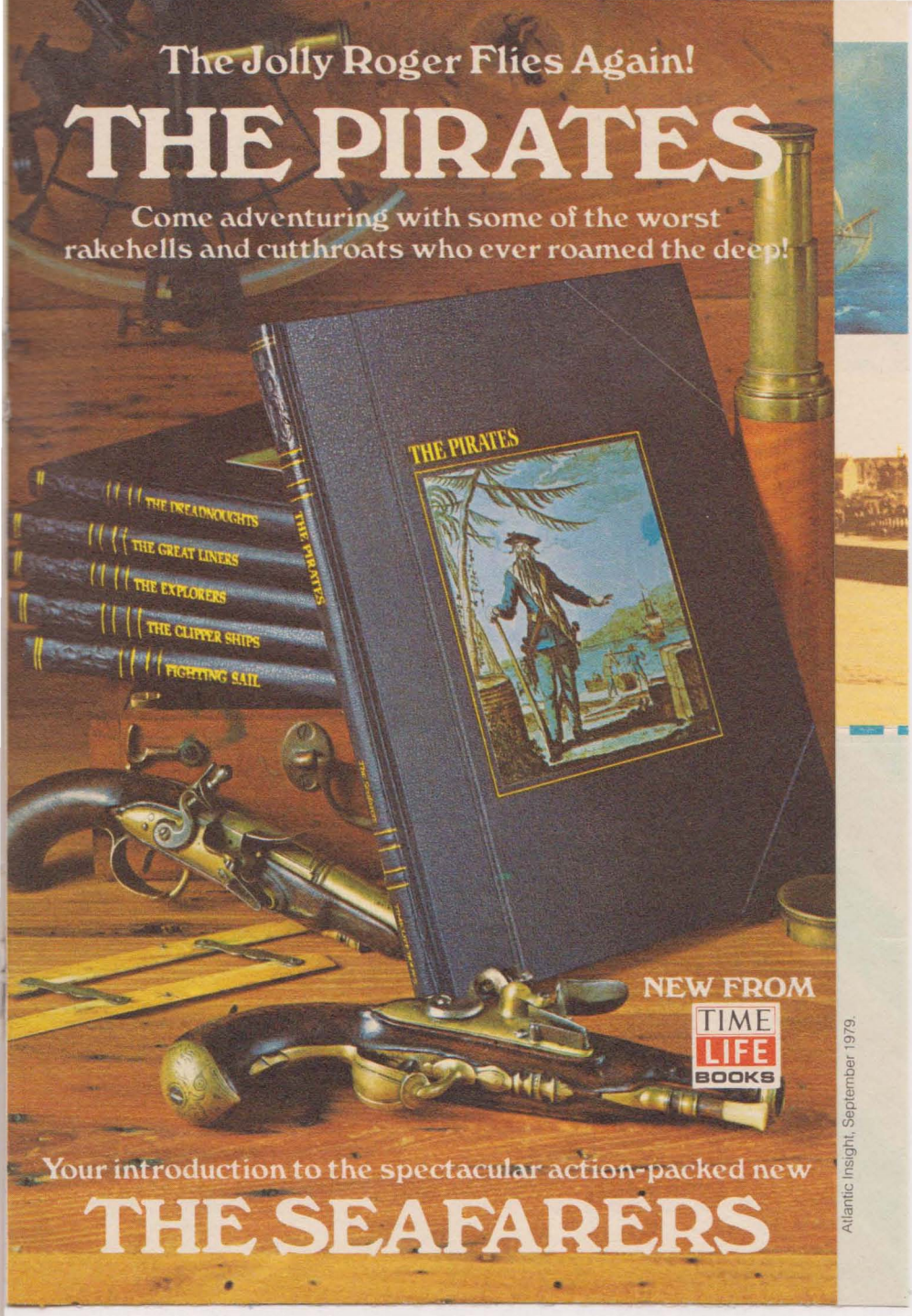
She adds, "Acadian women have a double cross to bear. Representation of women in government and government agencies is small here, but that of French women is even smaller." It may be in the provincial bureaucracy that Acadians of both sexes are most seriously under-represented. Acadians amount to a third of the N.B. population but, according to the Centre of Communication and Information in Bathurst, they held only 15 to 58 top jobs in the bureaucracy in '78. Landry believes that Fredericton, as the capital of an officially bilingual province, should reflect the bicultural reality of New Brunswick better than it does.

"Acadians are reluctant to move to Fredericton," he says. "The new French Cultural Centre has helped, but it doesn't make up for the lack of other French services." For a long time, Acadians had so little chance of getting civil service jobs that young Acadians still don't think of the bureaucracy as a place to build a career. Moreover, the school system no longer forces Acadians to become bilingual; and though unilingual anglophones can get top civil service jobs, unilingual francophones can't. The importance of *Le Projet*, Finn says, "lies in the fact that Acadians are realizing the necessity of having a role in government not just at the legislative level but also at the senior levels of the administration." Despite all the political and recruitment problems of the past summer, *Le Projet Collectif Acadien* showed considerable promise of becoming a historic New Brunswick congress, one that anglos would be foolish to ignore.



CHRIS LOVEGROVE

Jean-Claude LeBlanc: selling Acadians on seeking clout



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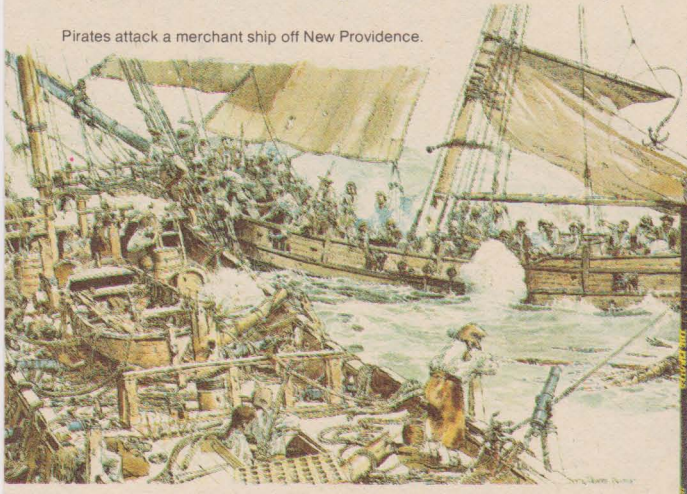
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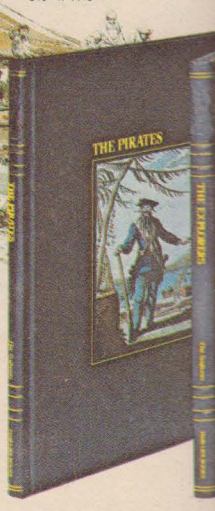
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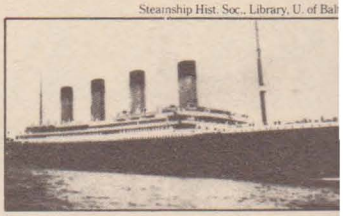
THE SEAFARERS



Edward Teach, alias Blackbeard, married 14 wives and swaggered his way around North Carolina until his head wound up on a bowsprit.

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One of the last photographs of the Titanic.

Mary Read, a bumptious pirate maid. She once saved her lover from a bully's blade by dueling the churl with sword and pistol.

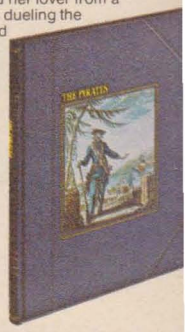
Horatio Nelson, incomparable battle leader. He ignored a signal to retreat by placing his telescope to his blind eye.

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Government cutbacks strangle colleges

Students, professors, presidents, they're all alarmed

In Atlantic Canada's 23 universities and colleges, classes resume this month under clouds of uncertainty. Reduced government grants worry administrators, faculty and students, and more than ever, the struggle to run universities on shrinking budgets is hurting academic programs. In all four Atlantic provinces, inadequate funding forces universities to lay off faculty, provide only the barest maintenance for campus buildings, and use worn-out research equipment. The vice-president of Newfoundland's Memorial University, Leslie Harris, might have been speaking for half a dozen other universities and colleges when he said, "We're now operating at a bare subsistence level. We can sustain operations but only with the most stringent economies." What enabled Memorial to balance its budget last year was God-given: A mild winter and, therefore, low heating bills. If the coming winter is harsh, Harris says, "we'll wind up with a deficit."

The trouble began in the mid-Seventies. Responding to voters' resentment of high taxes, provincial governments cut education budgets. The universities were soon getting smaller increases in their operating grants than they needed in order to keep pace with inflation and to fuel program development. The results: A moratorium on construction of buildings, the shelving of academic programs, freezes on hiring.

It's the administrators who must not only go cap in hand to government but must also decide how to divide what funds they get among competing university departments. Most administrators agree there's a case for government restraint; after all, the growth the universities experienced in the Sixties to accommodate the post-war baby boom is over. What the officials decry, then, is not cuts but the recent *severity* of the cuts. It forces universities to reduce operations to the bare bones.

Administrators have two main cost-trimming choices. They can reduce staff—usually by not replacing departing faculty or by not hiring short-term lecturers—or they can snip the non-salary parts of the budget. They can buy fewer library books, for instance, and less research equipment. But reducing staff reduces courses. Fewer books and less lab equipment not only hamper the student's progress but also weaken the academic's chance to do good research. Either way, you get a decline in the quality of education.

In the late Seventies, governments began to refuse funds for the construction of campus buildings, with near-ludicrous results. The University of Prince Edward Island makes do with a building so rickety that, during a lecture there last winter, a professor fell through the rotten floor boards. At the University of New Brunswick, space problems have forced the library to put many books in crates and, when term papers fall due, some students won't find the texts they need. Memorial University, says Vice-President Harris, has resorted to a policy of "repairing rather than replacing" and "the real crunch will come in two or three years."

Students are angry because, as Mike McNeil says, they are the ones who end up shouldering the cutback burden. He's with the Students' Union of Nova Scotia (SUNS), and he argues not only that deteriorating facilities mean deteriorating education but also that the cost-squeeze on universities means students must pay ever-higher tuition fees. Tuition in Atlantic Canada is already higher than it is in the rest of the country. McNeil complains that there's no long-term university planning. Instead, the universities must endure the repercussions of annual government whims. "We realize there should be a way of streamlining the system," he concedes, "but simply cutting back and letting everyone fight it out isn't the way to do it."

Nor are faculty happy. An associate professor, with his doctorate and a dozen years teaching experience, earns $5,000 to $8,000 less in Atlantic Canada than in Ontario or British Columbia. This does not mean there's a flood of faculty westward—it's still only a trickle—but it does mean faculty in Atlantic Canada are often sour about their salaries. Moreover, as Dalhousie Vice-President Guy MacLean puts it, "The first to go are the best. Always."

Professors are also disgruntled by deteriorating working conditions. Derek Wood, president of the Confederation of Faculty Associations of Nova Scotia, says, "It's getting to the point where teaching staff can't even order the books they want for courses or buy a new filmstrip that costs $33. Instead, you have to use the old strip, broken in seven places." Wood, an English professor at St. Francis Xavier, says some of his brightest students won't return this year. They can't afford to.

The universities fear that as their costs rise, as budgets drop, and as faculties, plant and research facilities shrink and deteriorate year by year, the plight of higher education in Atlantic Canada will widen the disparity between this region and the rest of Canada. And in the long run, the reputation of our universities can only suffer.

For colleges, Maritimers say "Rah, rah, rah"

Politicians sometimes claim voters resent seeing tax money disappear in universities, which they see as playpens for the elite, the over-educated, the lazy. But the Atlantic region, more than any other part of Canada, has traditionally felt colleges and universities were vital to society's well-being. That, at least, is the opinion of Guy MacLean, vice-president, Dalhousie University. He argues that since our high-school graduates haven't the same job opportunities as, say, Toronto youngsters, Maritimers have long accepted the idea that, after high school, the proper destination for a youth is university.

John Anderson, president of University of New Brunswick, commissioned a survey to determine what New Brunswickers think of his university. Preliminary results, he said, showed the public was "more supportive than my wildest dreams." Of 300 questionnaires returned by Fredericton residents, almost half said UNB wasn't getting enough money. Such results confirmed Anderson's view that Maritimers have a high regard for their universities and that, "By God, they're prepared to pay to keep them alive."

Energy Crisis? Just keep the faith and, oh, yes turn out the lights

I would like to believe—as would most politicians—that voluntary conservation is a possible solution to the energy problem. But I don't. Most of us grew up thinking the proper thing to do with energy was to consume it. So by now, instructing the children of conspicuous consumption on the adult virtues of energy conservation is like teaching cannibals to pickle beets: Nothing in the history of their experience has prepared them for it.

Failing conservation, there is always rationing, which won't work either, though it would do wonders for the depressed post-war black-market industry. The third variable option in the conservation strategy is to raise the price of energy so high as to enforce the discipline of user-restraint. I know of no one driving around in a government car who does not believe that would work. Again, I disagree.

This vast country, we're so often told, was built upon the vision, courage, and sweat of our forebears; but it now runs on gas, oil, and the telephone. We are the world's most omnivorous users of each. When your average Canadian is not in his car, he's on the telephone, listening to his radio, or watching television. The truth about the Canadian automobile—like the instruments of Mother Bell—is that the car is not a convenience but a psychic necessity, and if governments push up the price of gas to compel Canadians to give up their profligate use of their automobiles, people will still buy gas and give up something else, like their children.

That being clear, we are now down to the ultimate solution, which is—are you ready?—to put an embargo on political sweet-talk about conservation and give earnest priority to developing alternate energy sources. What we are doing now is dithering over options we don't have, holding off the day when we will be obliged to confront those we do.

The most immediate, cleanest, cheapest option is nuclear power. I admit that when both Jane Fonda and Angus MacLean came out against nuclear power, it gave me pause: They have not always been wrong. But I am truly puzzled by Premier MacLean's position which is, I take it, that when nuclear power becomes available from New Brunswick at a competitive price, he will nonetheless have none of it on Prince Edward Island. New Brunswick, which is a principal supplier to the Island, may deliver power it creates by hydro, coal, oil, or sunflower seeds—but not by a Candu reactor.

Well, supposing—I have asked myself—that the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission, in the act of supplying its client with electricity, might one dark night slip a little nuclear juice into the grid and smuggle it onto the Island. Who would ever know? I mean, would there be a telltale blinking of lights, the smell of sulphur, or an ominous rumble in your humidifier?

Some of us tend to think of nuclear power as if it were one of the many options in technology down the road, such as solar heat or—a contemporary Island favorite—wind power. But nuclear power is here, now, and whether one mourns or welcomes the fact, everyone will have to come to terms with it and, like it or not, become a consumer of it.

But we all need more information. One of my problems in developing a perspective on the energy crisis is that I don't know anyone who knows what I feel I need to know. For example, what do Premier John Buchanan and Baron Edmund de Rothschild say to each other when they meet to talk about harnessing the Fundy tides? Somehow, I tend to put the harnessing of the Fundy tides on that page of the Atlantic Agenda comprised of things everyone is in favor of, but no one gets around to doing—such as digging the Chignecto Canal or building the Causeway to P.E.I. The Fundy project, I realize, dwarfs all undertakings ever contemplated in these parts—something of the magnitude of bringing Newfoundland up to grade and paving it.

So when the Baron drops in upon



the Premier of Nova Scotia—a modern-day de Lesseps come to see the Sultan—I would like to be a fly on the wall, or at least an executive assistant, just to hear the conversation. Probably they get Bob Coates on the telephone first, before getting down to—well, that's it—getting down to what?

Buchanan's energy policy is as innovative as political realities will allow. He will import N.B. power for a short-term solution, employ Nova Scotia coal for a mid-term solution, and harness the Fundy tides for his grandchildren. The Baron, who believes we merely need $3 billion—or is it 30?—to get his show on the road, will only say he believes we are singularly blessed to have the tides to harness. A tidal bore of editorials surge in the wake of his departure, but no one really knows what it's all about.

If a food crisis erupted in this part of the world, there would be politicians who would favor developing the marzipan cookie as a remedial measure, providing only the necessary feasibility studies were undertaken.

You see what I mean. The energy crisis is real and will likely be felt by each of us. But not to worry: Common sense should tell us that, apart from whatever confusion may reign, we have always muddled through. You have only to watch the spawning of this new generation of ministerial, inter-governmental, international conferences, conflabs, symposiums, and seminars on the crisis—enough energy expended to light the lamps of China—in order to believe it. So, keep the faith, and turn out the lights behind you.

You could beat inflation with Atlantic stocks. Last year, that is

By Bruce Little

If you have ever played the stock market, your opinion of the accompanying table will not be high. Okay, it's a bit silly. We've compared the stock-market performance of Atlantic companies with that of similar firms elsewhere in Canada. We freely admit that only fanatically loyal Atlantic Canadians are going to buy stocks just because they're Atlantic Canadian. It's one thing to be region-proud in a grocery store—as Atlantic Canada Plus urges us to be—but quite another to carry that approach into your investment decisions. Still, we wanted to find out how well the region's big companies stacked up on the market against their counterparts from away. The results are in the table.

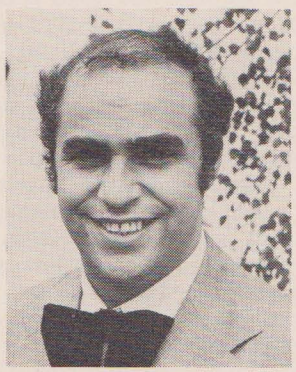
First, we talked to stockbrokers. The idea faintly horrified all of them.

Stocks of Atlantic Provinces Companies	May 1978	May 1979
Telephones		
100 Maritime Tel	$2288	$2575
100 N.B. Tel	2025	2312
100 Island Tel	1462	1700
100 Nfld. Tel	862	1100
Electric Utilities		
100 Nfld. Light A	1650	1950
100 Maritime Elec. A.	1100	1400
Fishing		
100 National Sea A	2400	2050
Mining		
500 Brunswick Mining	1950	3500
Financial Institutions		
100 Cent. & East. Tr. A.	1325	1300
100 N.S. Svgs. & Loan	1475	1300
Merchandising		
200 Sobeys Stores A	1450	1850
Real Estate		
1000 Hfx. Development	2000	2850
Airlines		
300 EPA	1230	2325
Total	$21217	$26212
Increase		23.5%

Stocks of Other Canadian Companies	May 1978	May 1979
75 Bell Canada	$4284	$4950
144 B.C. Tel	2359	2556
74 Calgary Power A	2747	3330
75 B.C. Packers A.	2400	6000
69 Cominco	1949	2432
325 Canada Perman.	2801	2639
76 Steinberg A.	1444	1976
157 Trizec	2002	3258
129 Nordair A.	1225	2000
	$21211	$29141
		37.4%

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One mulled it over and said, "I'd have to say I can't do it." Stockbrokers, unlike journalists, don't play games with the market, at least not this kind of game. "I'd never advise a client to put all his money into regional stocks," another said.

Brokers like their clients to have balanced portfolios, which is another way of saying they don't want them to put all their eggs in one basket. "We give different weightings to different segments of the economy," Robert Gale of Greenshields Inc. said. "For example, we'd put 10% to 15% of a portfolio into base metal stocks when they're flying high, but we'd shift some of that money into other industries when they weren't."

Douglas McQueen of Dominion Securities said a portfolio of Atlantic Canadian stocks would leave huge gaps. "You'd have no banks, no forest companies, no oil and gas stocks, no steel, no metal fabricators." One difficulty is that many Atlantic companies are privately owned and their shares don't trade on the stock market. You can't buy shares in Moosehead Breweries, L.E. Shaw, H.B. Nickerson or W.H. Schwartz. Shares in Stanfield's, Atlantic Trust and some others are occasionally available through brokers, but they're not listed publicly.

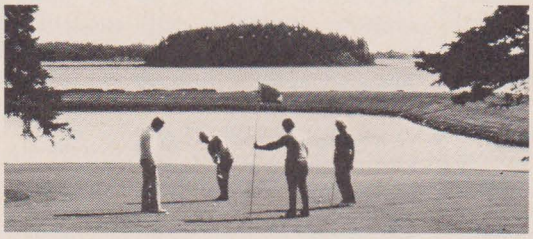
We stuck to public companies. The Toronto Stock Exchange lists all the firms in our table. One broker looked over our efforts and offered advice, but he didn't want us to attach his name to such frivolity. We started by "buying" blocks of shares in 13 Atlantic-based companies. They fell into eight categories. Once we knew what we'd spent in each category, we put the same amount into similar firms from elsewhere in Canada. Since $2,800 bought us 100 shares each of Central and Eastern Trust and Nova Scotia Savings and Loan, we balanced that with 325 shares of Canada Permanent. Another $1,950 bought us 500 shares of Brunswick Mining. We put the same amount into 69 shares of the higher-priced Cominco.

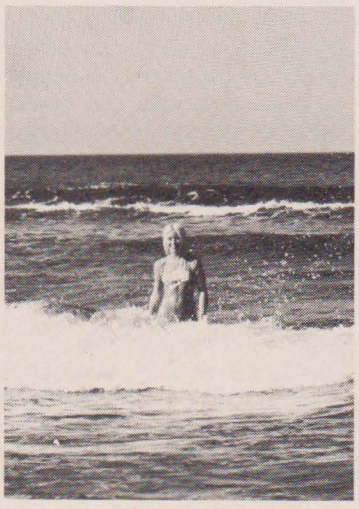
We "invested" more than $42,000—half in the region, and half outside it—in shares at their May '78 prices. A year later, both portfolios were up, but the outside companies won. Their shares rose 37.4% while the Atlantic companies' shares rose only 23.5%.

You can't conclude from that however, that Atlantic companies are stock-market laggards. We backtracked a bit. We "bought" the same block of Atlantic shares at March 1978 prices, balanced them with the other companies, and "sold" the bundle in March 1979. The Atlantic portfolio had gone up 40%, the other group 39%.

Companies such as National Sea help explain the difference. In March '78, its shares sold at about $14. Two months later the price was $24. Last March, they sold at $23 but by May they'd slipped to $20.50. By waiting till May of '78 to "buy" we just missed getting in on a fat price increase. The same was true of Brunswick Mining and Halifax Developments.

Buying a block of shares and selling it a year later is bad investment strategy. Canny investors watch each stock, buy when the price looks low, sell when it looks high. Loony as our little game was, however, one thing stood out: Whether you made 23% or 40%, your investment certainly could have beaten 9% inflation. It also would have beaten just about all other investment channels on the market, be they bonds, mortgages, investment certificates. But that, of course, was last year. Next year could be different.





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N.B. gets new cops. To squeeze out RCMP?

The uniforms resemble vintage State Troopers' garb, save for the no-nonsense British-style forage caps. The cars the 25 men drive are forest-green with a provincial emblem on the white doors. Two flashing lights adorn the roof, and the rear of the vehicle says "Highway Patrol" in English and French, with the added word, "Police." It's this word that tells motorists these men are indeed officers of the law, for the same cars and the same drivers used to be known to New Brunswickers only as part of the highway weigh-scale operation. These "police" had little to do with the Motor Vehicle Act, except as it applied to truckers.

But the New Brunswick Highway Patrol has come under the control of the provincial Justice Department and, with remarkably little fanfare, the men in the green-and-whites have become full-fledged peace officers with authority to enforce any section of the Motor Vehicle Act, liquor laws and, "in some cases," other areas of the Criminal Code. Their first serious beat will be the Trans-Canada Highway between Quebec and the Saint John River village of Jemseg and, for this work, they'll have radar and breathalyzers.

The Highway Patrol looks suspiciously like the beginning of a provincial police force. Though Justice Minister Rodman Logan insists the men are simply working "in co-operation" with the RCMP, his explanations have not prevented New Brunswickers from dubbing the Patrol "Rod's Rangers."

The Mounties have policed New Brunswick highways ever since the disbanding in the Thirties of the N.B. Provincial Police. Between the Mounties and the N.B. Justice Department, however, there's been little love lost for at least two years. In 1977, a judicial inquiry tried to find out if the department had hindered RCMP investigations of the financial affairs of the ruling Progressive Conservative party. The inquiry cleared the government, but ill-will smoulders. Is the provincial Tory government getting even by phasing out the Mounties for their nosiness? It's impossible to tell if the Mounties think so. With a traditional stiff upper lip, Superintendent Jack Hunter of Fredericton RCMP headquarters says, "Anything that helps in the area of highway safety is agreeable to us."

But some question the quality of help the Highway Patrol will provide. Only about half its men have had formal police training. (Most of these are ex-members of other police forces; a few got training at Holland College, P.E.I.) As for arming the men, Logan admitted, "The public, and some members of the department are quite concerned about this." He went on, "Personally, I wouldn't want to send them out unarmed." But Barry Athey, director of police services for N.B., said this summer the men were not carrying guns.

The bottom line is dollars. Logan says the RCMP is the most expensive force in Canada, and even allowing for the 45% federal subsidy the Mounties receive, the Highway Patrol will cost less per man. Is the Patrol in danger of becoming a bargain-basement force then? "In policing, you get what you pay for," a small-town mayor said. (For fear of "difficulties over our own force's funding," he asked for anonymity.)

Most motorists seem unconcerned. As a Moncton driver put it, "It doesn't matter who busts you for speeding." But what of those who don't know of the new force's powers? Barry Athey says, "People know these cars. They've been around for 10 years." Still, the province's failure to publicize the change is uncharacteristically sly. Will government launch a major information campaign? Not likely. "We could wind up spending more money to publicize the fact than the program costs," Athey says. "Besides, the minister held a press conference and made it all clear."

What remains unclear is how far the government wants to take this "pilot project." And if the Highway Patrol is not a fledgling provincial police force, what is it? RCMP Superintendent Hunter offers a final cautious word: "If the program relieves a financial burden, we go along and support it....But we must be very careful not to affect, in some way, police service to the public."

— **John Porteous**

Is N.B. Highway Patrol the Tory government's answer to nosy Mounties?



JOE STONE

DUDU

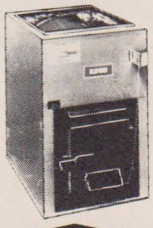
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Bonanza in Atlantic bogs

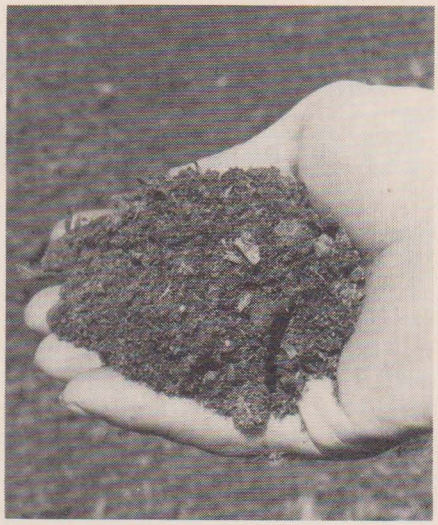
They're full of peat. That's good energy news

On the surface it looks like a cruel joke of fate: Seventeen percent of Atlantic Canada is covered with bog. Barren, fly-infested, rotting bog that sometimes smells like a backed-up septic field. But scientists say these same bogs hold an untapped resource which could alter our energy and agricultural futures and even affect our balance-of-payments deficit. It's called peat. Newfoundland has five million acres of it—17% of the island. New Brunswick has 260,000 acres. Nova Scotia lacks adequate surveys so far but one estimate suggests 25 million tons of fuel peat could be available. Inventories, partly supported by grants from the Department of Regional Economic Expansion, are under way in all three provinces. Twelve areas in northeastern N.B. which began surveying its reserves in 1975, produced three million bales of peat last year, employing 400 full-time and 700 seasonal workers.

Most of us know peat as the plastic-covered bale of organic fertilizer we use to condition our lawns and gardens. But it's been an important fuel source since prehistoric times. The Roman historian Pliny wrote of a first-century German tribe living near the North Sea which gathered fuel "by digging up mud with their hands and drying it...and with this mud as fuel they warmed their food and frozen limbs."

Many European countries today use peat to generate electricity. Last year the Soviet Union used 70 million tons of peat to fire 77 generators, producing 3,000 megawatts of power. Finland has increased its peat-derived electrical production 20 times in the past seven years and aims to use peat for 10% of its annual energy requirements by 1985. Ireland produces 30% of its power with peat—and, as a byproduct, supplies the unique taste of Irish whisky. Some estimates rate peat worth more than £50 million to Ireland's balance-of-payments figures.

Peat bogs go by many names, especially in Newfoundland where they're called mish, mash, mesh, marsh or swamp. They've been around for about 10,000 years since ice retreated from the Atlantic region, leaving a depression-riddled landscape full of plants, including sphagnum mosses, which took hold where water was plentiful. The plants aged, died and settled to the bottom where they accumulated at the rate of two or three centimetres every 100 years.



CHERLY LEAN

Simple peat, fuel source for centuries



Harvesting "mud" that burns. It's really just young coal

Mosses don't decay like fallen trees. Instead they gradually fill in depressions in the earth with semi-decayed vegetation and bog water, whose acidity makes it a legendary embalming fluid. (Some of the best-preserved human specimens, possibly peat cutters who slipped and drowned, came out of Scandinavian bogs. The 2,000-year-old cadavers had clear facial features, skin like tanned leather, even fingerprints.)

Fuel peat is geologically young coal. Thoroughly dry peat, when burned, produces energy at a rate better than wood, roughly equal to lignite and about half that of anthracite. Unlike coal, peat contains little sulphur and doesn't produce the sulphur dioxide associated with respiratory problems and acid rain. Peat also contains little fly ash and can be obtained by cutting, scraping or harrowing rather than mining.

But there are problems. Peat absorbs up to 25 times its own weight in water. Since it accumulates while virtually submerged, removing the water is time consuming and expensive. The cost of drying harvested peat thus becomes a tradeoff against anticipated energy gains. Commercial plants can use peat with about 50% moisture content—though there is roughly a 50% loss in its energy-producing capacity. But water in the bogs also makes it difficult to move heavy cutting equipment. Peat harvesters solve the problem by draining the bog, or, in some places, by using hovercraft.

People working on Atlantic peat inventories—Donald Gammel in Fredericton, Win Potter in Halifax and Fred Pollett in St. John's—agree that its implications for the future go beyond agricultural and energy uses. They see present peat bogs, drained and harvested, being forested or turned into grazing, farm or recreational land. Studies already show that leafy vegetables grow on organic soil at a 50% better rate than on conventional mineral soils.

The unique water-retaining capacity of peat bogs make them essential as natural reservoirs at the headwaters of rivers like the Eagle and Romaine in Labrador, where they hold back water during peak periods and release it during dry ones. Researchers also suggest the maximum efficiency of peat as an energy source could be reached in smaller power plants—five- to 10-megawatt capacity—capable of supplying the needs of small and widely separated communities. In the Atlantic provinces, that possibility alone is enough to change traditional thinking about the malodorous bogs. — **Robert Fournier**



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NOVA SCOTIA
Development
The Hon. Roland J. Thornhill, Minister

Marilyn MacDonald's column

This movie tells us again, "In 1867, we wuz robbed"

It's the little things that speak most eloquently about the state of national unity paranoia we seem to be living in. *Empty Harbours, Empty Dreams* is a little enough thing to you; you've never seen it. I have. It's a film which people associated with the Atlantic production unit of the National Film Board began working on more than a year ago and finished last March. It looks at the role of Confederation in changing the lifestyles and particularly the economies of the Maritime provinces. You might have guessed from the title that the view of the accumulated blessings unity showered on this region is less than flattering.

The film hangs on for dear life to the old claim that we wuz robbed by Confederation, bear-hugging the notion as if the film-makers had just discovered it. They're mad as hell and their feeling is contagious. Never mind that economists and historians not interviewed for the film sometimes argue that uniting with the Canadas wasn't the only factor which brought about the economic decline of the region. *Empty Harbours* has a good feeling of martyrdom going and what Maritimer can resist that?

Occasionally the going gets heavy. The film-makers like their Maritimes idyllic and their economic theories pure and simple. A lovely young girl in a long dress and wide-brimmed straw hat feeds Island fowl in a sequence like the slow-motion hair color ads you saw on TV 10 years ago. A graphic illustration of the takeover of Canadian industry by American business interests is funny and visually arresting, but it's an adolescent economist's rape fantasy.

If the film's ideas aren't original, they're approached with commitment. It's not dull to watch. The script, written by Barry Cowling who also produced the film, is good. Cowling is from Nova Scotia. The director, Kent Martin, lives in P.E.I. Kenzie MacNeil, the original Cape Breton barbarian, does the narration and, in some of the film's best moments, sings and plays original music that makes the rueful point better than all the talk.

Cowling, Martin and MacNeil want people to see their film. They've taken it where all good little NFB films go for starters, to CBC television. Representatives from CBC's Maritime region saw *Empty Harbours* last spring and offered a regional time slot in June. The NFB, feeling it would be too rushed to meet that air date, turned it down. CBC Maritimes says it still wants to show the film, but in the meantime a new player is on the field. The CBC national network has seen the film too and it's nibbling. Or is it?

The film-makers are unabashedly after national exposure. They've talked to CBC current affairs executives, waited through a round of management changes and talked again. They find some of the answers they've been getting kind of funny. MacNeil says one executive he talked to told him that, if the national network were to run *Empty Harbours*, "first we'd have to explain to the rest of the country where the Maritimes are." The same man also had reservations about showing a documentary which would probably attract only about 400,000 viewers across the country.

CBC says it is hard to clear an hour on the national network schedule—especially for a documentary. They say the regional time slot's still open, however, and the onus is on the NFB to accept it or not. But MacNeil and company are wondering about the elusive national spot and the reasons why CBC seems reluctant to make a commitment on it. "This film takes a very strong stand on what's happened in this region," says MacNeil, who has a gift for understatement. "Maybe that's not the way Toronto sees it." There's some muttering about CBC touchiness on the subject of strong regional views as the country moves toward the Quebec referendum on sovereignty association. Would *Empty Harbours* be a more attractive proposition for the national network after the referendum? CBC thinks that kind of talk is silly.

TV viewers in the region will almost certainly get to see *Empty Harbours, Empty Dreams*, probably this fall. If it goes national, any resulting notes of discord may be just echoes of those that reverberated through the process of getting it there.

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Cinderella of Politics:
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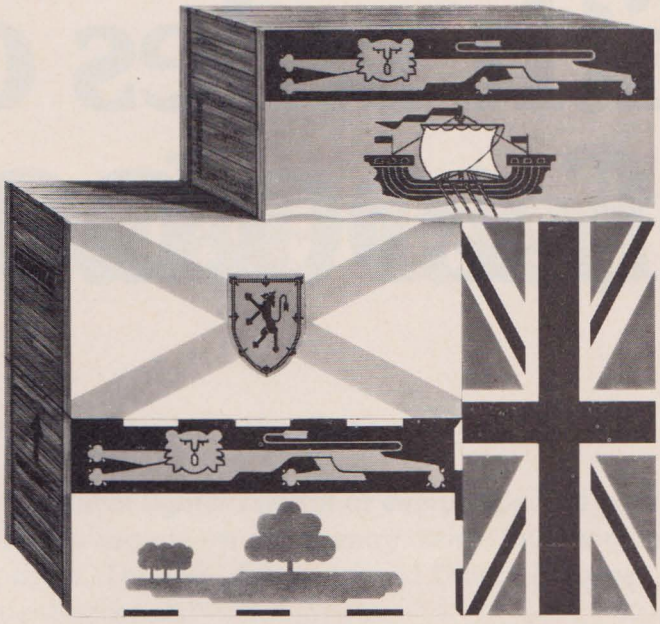
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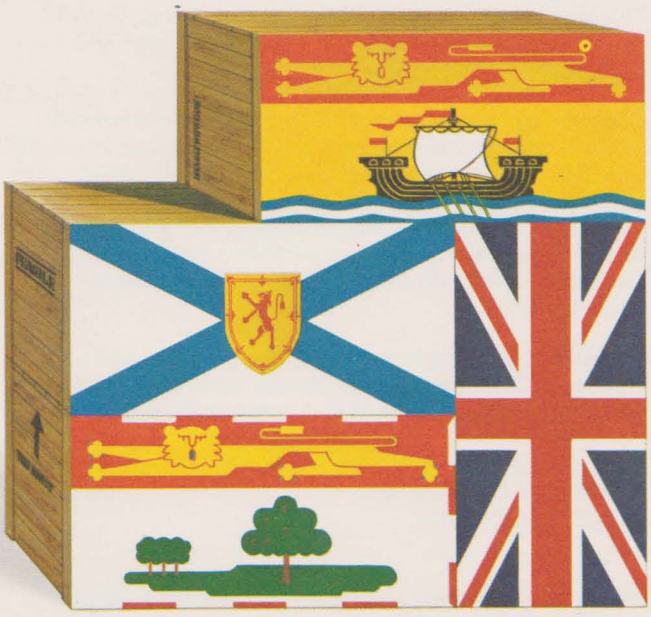
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Special Report

Nuclear power: Grim dilemma for the Maritimes

Government slipped it over on us. Now, it may be here to stay. Sorry about that

By Linden MacIntyre

Who among those with their roots in the greedy Fifties, familiar with the longing to be "biggest east of Montreal," could have predicted this spectacle? The place is gentle Brudenell on Prince Edward Island. The participants are 700-odd Maritimers and they are turning up their noses at the biggest industrial project ever undertaken in the region. They have even recruited bagpipers. The music adds drama to the heresy, gives it a piercing edge the demonstrators hope will penetrate the minds of the three Maritime premiers who are having a bull-session nearby.

Times have changed. A decade ago they'd have been summarily declared weirdos. Today they already have the stated sympathy of one premier (MacLean) and the attention of another one (Buchanan). They are part of an international army which assembled around the proposition that, in nuclear power, man has finally exceeded the limits of technological responsibility. Economic development and her bridesmaid, energy, are no longer just bread-and-butter issues. To a large segment of society, they are now profound moral issues that turn on one question: In the pursuit of economic objectives, what risk is acceptable?



STEPHEN HOMER

On the Island, part of an international army to fight nuclear power

The question has special significance in the Maritimes. Our economic needs are traditionally seen as greater than those elsewhere. Our dependence on foreign oil makes our economy more energy-sensitive. Our energy problem isn't just one of finding *more* to erase disparities; it's also one of finding new sources to release us and Ottawa (which subsidizes our oil) from our expensive dependence.

In the Fifties nuclear power looked like the perfect answer: An all-Canadian system; cheap fuel; a stepping stone to technologies which would provide cheap, inexhaustible energy. But in the soul-searching Seventies nuclear power represents, for many people, a moral and political cross-over. They feel an elite minority has crassly and arbitrarily defined the economic objectives. The risk, to the majority, is unacceptable.

The debate in the Maritimes centres on the Point Lepreau nuclear power station, a concrete wart on the Fundy shore halfway between Saint John and St. Stephen. For the anti-nuclear movement, it is the perfect symbol, a 600-megawatt electrical monolith. It was conceived in secrecy by the government of New Brunswick and Atomic Energy of Canada Limited (AECL), the Crown agency that runs the national nuclear program. Only after government had given the project a go-ahead did New Brunswickers find out about it; and, after the decision, open consultation mostly consisted of nervous, ill-informed questions from a confused public, and broad reassurances from AECL and the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission. Nuclear

As the army recruits troops, carries signs into battle, it has the attention of Premier Buchanan, the sympathy of Premier MacLean




GORD JOHNSTON

critics have cast serious doubts on those reassurances.

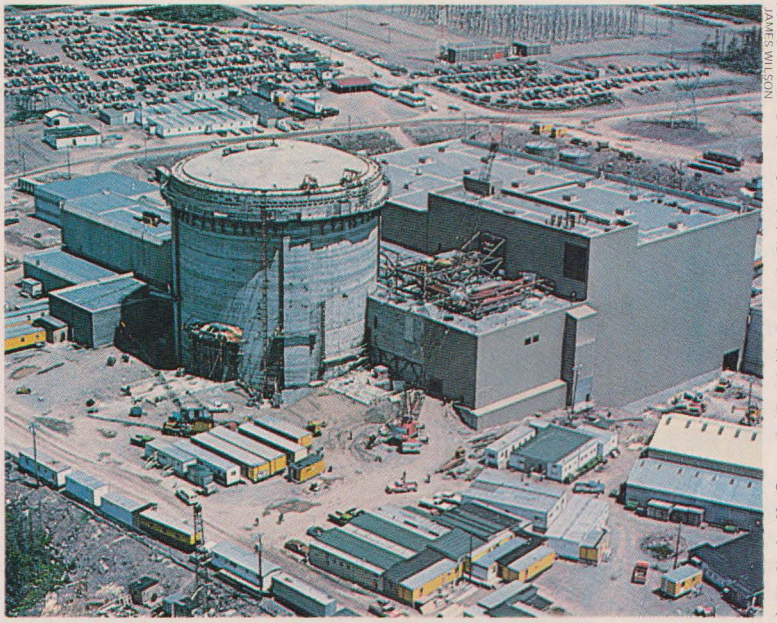
Inflation played havoc with cost estimates. An awkward management structure and tough labor attitudes helped drive the cost estimate of $466 million to $895 million. More labor trouble and the startling discovery of defects in four steam generators will almost certainly drive the price to over $1 billion.

The same sort of white-washing, bungling and bad luck we've seen at Point Lepreau has darkened the future of nuclear power everywhere. Ever since Hiroshima and Nagasaki people have distrusted the splitting of the atom. Canadians first involved themselves in nuclear research during the Second World War. Our contribution was to develop the technology for atomic fission using natural uranium as fuel—a process that produced, as a byproduct, plutonium 239. It's great for making atomic bombs.

Atoms split when neutrons bombard them. When you assemble a particularly "fissionable" material such as uranium 235 or plutonium 239 in a moderator which controls the movement of the neutrons, the splitting goes on in a chain reaction. Neutrons from split nuclei split more nuclei, and release more neutrons. Each split nucleus releases heat, and heat boils water in a nuclear reactor. The water generates steam, which drives a turbine to generate electricity.

Canadian scientists started an atomic chain reaction by using uranium oxide, almost in the raw form, without going through an expensive refining process to enrich the uranium 235. The secret was to use deuterium oxide—heavy water—as the moderator. It's much more efficient than ordinary water, which is commonly used with an enriched uranium fuel.

Partly due to the secrecy surrounding anything with military potential, and partly because people become indifferent in the face of technological mystery, our philosophical positions on nuclear power lagged a good 10 years behind the research and development.



JAMES WILSON

At Lepreau, "white-washing, bungling and bad luck"

Until the current uproar, the only nuclear debate of any importance (apart from the weapons issue) had to do with whether or not Canada should pursue its own deuterium-uranium (Candu) technology, or ride piggyback on the U.S. system. The morality of nuclear power was not an issue. Why not? Probably because there was so little leadership. The media ignored the issue until it became chic. The academics admired its technological symmetry until, politicized by the Sixties, they found a need for an issue. The debate is angry now partly because critics fear they're too late. We have permitted nuclear technology to root itself in our way of life.

The important question is no longer whether or not we should have nuclear power in our energy mix. It is: How *much* nuclear power are we going to have? The answer hinges on two even more fundamental questions: How much power do we really need to achieve our social and economic goals? What are the true potentials of energy sources such as tides, wind, sun, wood, garbage and coal? The future of life in the Maritimes depends almost entirely on those questions, and yet Maritimers aren't even close to a consensus on goals. Only in Prince Edward Island is there serious discussion of energy in a lifestyle context.

Not long ago it appeared nuclear power offered such clear-cut economic advantages it would liberate important economic resources for other priorities. But, capital costs have sky-rocketed more than 50% in just three years. Inflation has all but neutralized the cheap operating-cost performance that native uranium was supposed to make possible. According to figures presented to the Ontario Royal Commission on Electric Power Planning (Porter Commission), nuclear electricity had a price tag in 1978 of 23.83 mills per kilowatt hour

Labor merry-go-round could start again

For the next six months the New Brunswick government will be watching the Point Lepreau project in an emotional condition not far removed from terror. In the spring of 1980, just when the job should be going full-tilt towards completion, collective agreements between contractors and the 2,800 tradesmen on the site will begin to expire. That could mark a return to the near-anarchy that reigned on the job until about a year ago—more than 90 legal and illegal strikes—and could add significantly to the already horrifying construction costs.

The problem originates in an early error of judgment. The province established the Lorneville Bargaining Authority, a contractors' organization with province-wide input, to negotiate and administer agreements with trade unions. But there was no corresponding effort to achieve multi-trade bargaining at the other side of the table. It is occupied, belligerently and one-at-a-time, by 14 different unions. The result, for management, has been a nightmare of tactical delays, leap-frog negotiating, and power politicking by union leaders. Labor-management relations during the first two years of the project were reminiscent of the haywire Sixties in Cape Breton.

The situation has been stable since last autumn, after a long, hot summer during which one union after another legally picketed (but illegally closed) the site. The merry-go-round, however, could start again as early as April. The bargaining authority is trying to head off problems through preliminary talks and goodwill, a move led by its strong and personable vice-chairman, Bob Mullins. But the final hand may have to be played by the provincial government with tough, unpopular, legislation.

compared with 25.30 mills for coal and 28.94 mills for oil-fired power. That price edge, and the balance-of-payments and security benefits of owning our own fuel supply (20% of known uranium reserves in the world) amount to a strong argument for those who support nuclear power. But the case isn't nearly strong enough to quell the fears of those who believe the scale of nuclear-power generation is extravagant and unsafe.

The twin perils of nuclear power are heat and radiation. Heat, properly controlled, is the energy source. But uncontrolled, in a nuclear reactor, it is an insatiable monster. It devours everything around it, including its own origins, the reactor core and the fuel within it. In a "worst-possible" accident, the rampaging inferno would break through the reactor building, and let loose the radioactive neutrons (alpha and beta particles and gamma rays) that the fission process releases. Radiation kills or mutilates living cells, and the mass reproduction of mutilated cells causes horrors that range from cancer to genetic defects.

Radiation is a fact of life. It occurs naturally all around us. We use it not only to diagnose illness, in x-rays, but also to cure illness, by directing lethal doses to damaged or cancerous cells. But it's the prospect of an *uncontrolled* outbreak of radiation from an "unnatural" source that has dominated much of the consciousness of the second half of this century. It is that same horrifying potential that dictates the design of a nuclear-power station and the emphasis on control of heat and containment of radiation.

The plot of the movie *The China Syndrome* and the real-life Three Mile Island "event" in Pennsylvania both spun on a failure of cooling systems, a quick buildup of heat, and a desperate struggle to regain control before the heat could break out of the reactor building and cause serious radiation to escape. Both sides of the nuclear debate are still building their cases in the wake of the Pennsylvania accident. It can be used to illustrate the inherent peril of the system, and perhaps the inevitability of human error. The counter-argument is that, despite the media hoop-la and political hand-wringing, nothing happened.

For most of us, there's little comfort in either of the extreme positions. We must measure the reality of the likelihood of accidents against the reality of need, and we need all the *balanced* reassurances we can get. On the face of it, the accident at Three Mile Island would have been unlikely in the Canadian system. The Candu has a more diverse backup system for supplying cooling water to the reactor core. Still, there have been documented cases of leaky tubing in Candu reactors. Leaks reduce moderating and cooling efficiency and cause the loss of radioactive liquid. Damaged tubing—discovered at Point Lepreau during a blitz of post-Harrisburg examination—could eventually have caused leaks, and the loss of radioactive heavy water into steam generators, turbines and, eventually, the Bay of Fundy.

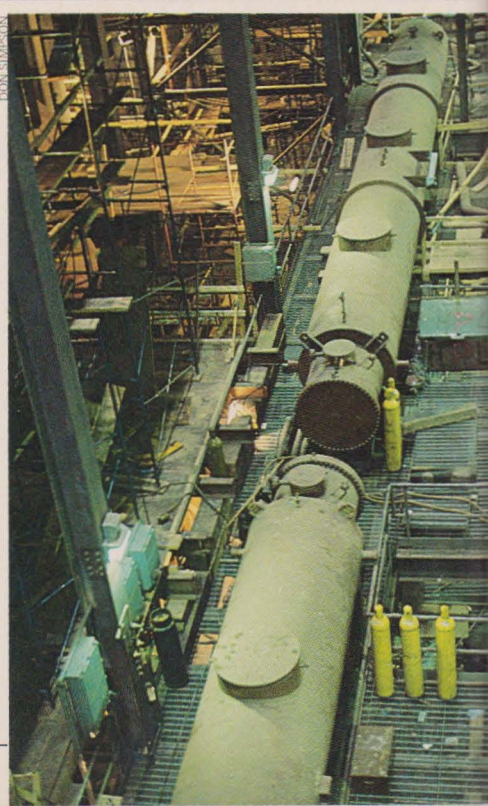
It's enough to cause jitters among skeptics that, in addition to all the potential weaknesses in the system itself, a reactor plant is vulnerable to a variety of unpredictable external dangers, from falling airplanes to lunatics. But opponents of nuclear power find their strongest ammunition in the uncertainty about the disposal of the wastes the great nuclear machine leaves behind: Radioactive tailings from uranium mines and fuel-fabricating plants (such as the new one in Moncton); contaminated clothing; materials, such as plutonium, created during the fission of uranium 235. Spent fuel might ultimately be reprocessed and used again. One solution may well be permanent storage. But in the absence of decision or direction, there can be no reassurance; we listen to the inconclusive arguments with fear and boredom.

Nuclear critics are currently up in arms over what they see as a move to water down safety standards for nuclear-power plants. The Atomic Energy Control Board requires building standards (aimed at controlling heat and containing radiation) to allow for the worst possible accidents, no matter how improbable they may be. There may be a move to compromise standards for extremely low-probability incidents and the critics are crying "Foul."

Official ambivalence on the waste problem and the failure of pro-nuclear



CHRISTOPHER DARLING/IMAGE BANK



Debate continues after "event" at Three Mile Island (above). Lepreau cooling system (right) may be better

Earthquake at Lepreau? Certainly not. And yet...

The scene is out of a 1950s horror movie. The earth buckles and grinds. Sudden winds whip the sea. Buildings fall, and on a remote tip of land in the Bay of Fundy, a massive concrete building shudders and cracks. A silent, invisible plague begins to creep across the land. Could it happen in the Maritimes? Not likely, but there's just enough chance to suggest to some people that the Point Lepreau nuclear generating station is in the wrong place. Some geologists suspect that, when federal and provincial officials selected the reactor site, they ignored or downplayed evidence of seismic instability. Southern New Brunswick has experienced hundreds of tremors and quakes within recorded history. Gordon Duff, a geologist with Atomic Energy of Canada Limited, believes the activity is caused by "creaking," the release of pressures that build up in the earth's crust.

More skeptical geologists take the instability more seriously. Mark Connell of Sussex argues that Point Lepreau is in the middle of a major fault zone. Initial site studies missed important evidence of instability: A "thrust" fault six miles away that angles downward towards the reactor site; and evidence that the Fundy coast is still rising in the wake of glacial activity ages ago. While officialdom rejects the scary speculation of the doubters, there are subtle indications the builders have had second thoughts about the Lepreau site. They've steadily (and quietly) upgraded construction standards.

From an original anticipation of low-to-moderate seismic activity, the Lepreau site has been strengthened to withstand an earthquake of 6.2 magnitude on the Richter scale. That's a comfortable margin over the magnitude 5 activity on record but, for the nervous, not far enough above the magnitude 6 earthquake reported (but not recorded by instrument) in the area some years back.

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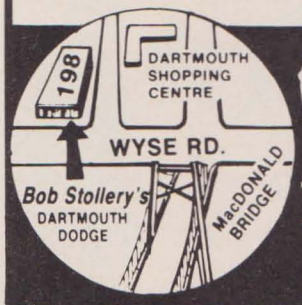
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Labrador power is Maritimes' right. Quebec's the catch

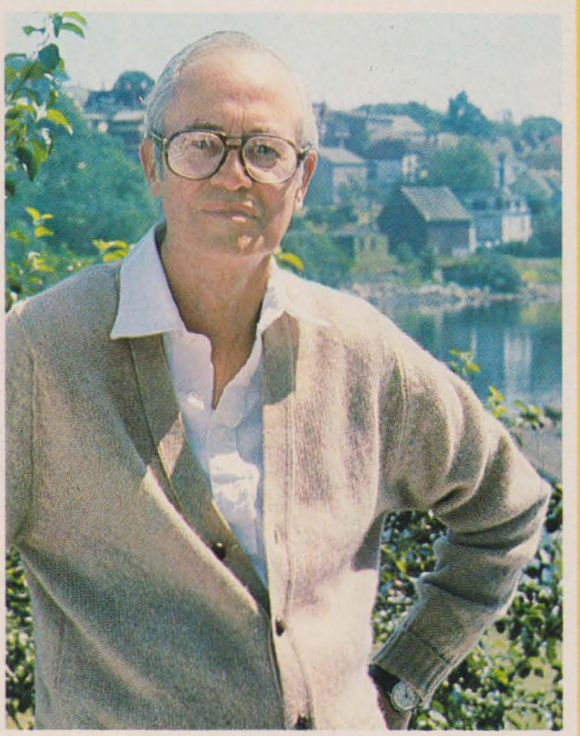
Atlantic Canada may just be one of the last corners of the world lucky enough to be able to draw all the electricity it will need from one large, hydroelectric source. If that's the case, there may never have been any good reason to "go nuclear." Esmond Peck, now of Lunenburg but once a utility economist in Quebec, insists that *is* the case. He says that despite the notorious political problem of transmitting the power through Quebec to the Maritimes, the one huge, hydroelectric source is still the Lower Churchill River, Labrador. The Gull Island project. Peck calls Labrador's power "a birthright of Maritimers denied too long."

But who did the denying? Peck thinks it was Quebec, with its unconstitutional refusal to allow Newfoundland to ship Labrador power across its territory to the Maritimes; the feds, with their gutless reluctance to displease Quebec by upholding the constitution; and Newfoundland, with its infamous signing of a deal whereby power from the Upper Churchill River went to Quebec dirt-cheap for resale to whomever Quebec chose. As far back as '62, when Peck was still a senior executive of Shawinigan Water and Power Co. (which Quebec expropriated in '63), he made a feasibility study of "an Eastern Canada, extra-high-voltage, direct-current power grid, based in Churchill Falls." But this scheme, Peck said in a recent letter to *Atlantic Insight*, was later "aborted by René Lévesque, Lester Pearson and Joey Smallwood."

Common opinion has it that Quebec-Newfoundland relations are now so prickly it's unlikely Gull Island power will ever go through Quebec to the Maritimes. Newfoundland went to court to break the contract whereby Hydro-Quebec gets cheap Churchill Falls power and, as Ralph Surette said in *Atlantic Insight* (*Special Report*, April), "The friction scarcely improves our chances of bringing Gull Island power through Quebec." Nor does it help that Quebec openly covets Labrador for itself, and that Newfoundland has suggested it's more interested in using its cheap energy at home than in selling it to the Maritimes.

In Peck's opinion, however, such problems are puny by comparison to the overwhelming practical advantages and the constitutional justice of "the Labrador Power Option." Nothing else, he feels, could possibly help so much to make Atlantic Canada self-sufficient in energy, "while remaining almost inflation-proof at least until the mid-21st century."

His case goes like this: Generating plants for hydroelectricity are safe, non-polluting. They're expensive to



Peck: Feds' stand on power issue is "gutless"

build but last twice as long as nuclear and fossil-fuelled plants. After about 35 years—"when thermal plants are being either mothballed or replaced at greatly inflated costs, and when fuel prices are out of sight"—the energy costs of a hydro installation may actually drop. "Labrador energy delivered direct to the Maritimes should be no more costly than from Point Lepreau initially, and clearly a bargain after a period of years. Our children and grandchildren will be the beneficiaries."

The probable capacity of the Lower Churchill (Gull Island) is 1,800 megawatts. If Newfoundland fails in its court action to recall 800 megawatts of the Churchill Falls power that Quebec's getting, then it'll take the 800 megawatts it needs (to justify transmission lines to St. John's) from Gull Island. *This means that, at the outset, some 1,000 megawatts should still be available to other provinces.* As Peck says, "The most cost-efficient way to deliver large blocks of this power to the three Maritime provinces is through Quebec, by a 500-to-600 mile direct-current transmission line, with a cable-crossing of the St. Lawrence River."

But Quebec won't allow free passage of electricity across its territory (and, to be fair, other provinces won't either). To Peck, this violates both the letter and the spirit of the British North America Act. When it was drafted, there were no interprovincial electric transmission lines but there were steamship lines, canals, railways, telegraph systems, and "Other Works and Undertakings connecting each province with any other or others of the Provinces"; and, all of these were to remain under *federal* jurisdiction. Moreover, "All Articles of the Growth, Produce, or Manufacture of any one of the Provinces shall, from and after the Union, be admitted free into each of the other Provinces." Other clauses in the BNA Act also convince Peck no province has the right to keep another from sending electricity through its territory to a third province.

"And the federal government," he says, "has refrained from upholding the Constitution on these issues. Indeed, Quebec's singleness of purpose and strong, consistent voice in federal politics have been in sharp contrast to Atlantic Canada's economic provincialism and disunited political impact." Is Peck right? Is he even partly right? If so, surely it's time the Maritimes got together to talk turkey about Gull Island with Newfoundland and Labrador. Not to mention Ottawa and Quebec City.

— The Editors

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authorities to respond adequately to charges they want to relax safety standards are the two best issues that the anti-nuclear movement has raised. In an atmosphere sensitized by *The China Syndrome* and the sensational "death-watch" at Three Mile Island, they have turned indifference into action among thousands of people.

That action will ultimately influence energy policy around the world and may delay the development of nuclear technologies. In a world increasingly intimidated by the price of oil and in danger of being decivilized by energy shortages, the delay could have grim results. In the Maritimes, the anti-nuclear surge has already set back regional co-operation by years. We have four Tory governments in Atlantic Canada but each has its own energy religion. The immediate victim of this situation appears to be the new Maritime Energy Corp., a federal-regional undertaking whose first responsibility was supposed to be to pay for and run Point Lepreau. New Brunswick (with federal help) will probably end up holding the bag for Point Lepreau, and that's bad news for believers in Maritime co-operation.

It's possible to hope we won't need nuclear power in Atlantic Canada, that people will submit to being less comfortable than they are now, will tolerate darker and colder living. It's possible Maritimers will become more active, will start using their personal energy more for transportation and heat, and less for recreation and style. On the other hand, history suggests people rarely ask for less of anything, particularly comfort. It's that simple human fact that has driven politicians and technicians to push excessively for energy development.

The shame is that Maritimers, not to mention Newfoundlanders, have never sat down together to define the superior lifestyle we all like to talk about, to figure out what we truly want development to give us. Until we've done that, no one can intelligently suggest how much energy we need, nor how we should generate it. Meanwhile, nuclear power at Point Lepreau may soon be a billion-dollar reality. Warts, wrinkles, inflation, fears and all, it's part of our future.

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Strutting your stuff in a wet T-shirt

Fantastic Fort Scenic says it's "all in good taste." Oh yeah?

"Don't look, Ethel! Why don't you go for a sno-cone?" The spotlight zeroes in, with titillating accuracy, on the fine points of the nine wet T-shirt contestants. "Ooh mama," groans someone in the audience. Whistles and heckling greet the ladies who strut their stuff in see-through, men's undershirts before an 80% male audience. The remaining 20% are potential exhibitionists, closet streakers, first dates and girls who wandered in by mistake and won't be telling their mothers. It's not how nice, down-home girls should spend Sundays.

This is Sunday afternoon at Fantastic Fort Scenic, a motel (truckers just $10 a night), disco lounge and tavern complex on Lake Fletcher outside Dartmouth, N.S. Once a country and western tabernacle with weathered palisades, wagon wheels, free birthday cake for the kiddies to encourage family fun, the "fantastic" Fort is a marvel. "It's been everything," says one Dartmouth resident.

The imaginative man who keeps abreast of public tastes, originates the contests, mans the spotlight and pays the winner $100 is Saul Fried, the owner-manager of the lusty Fort. "Too old-fashioned to reveal his age," Saul is a shrewd businessman who bought some decaying cabins in 1971 and converted them to "the fort that Saul built." Fort Scenic's cabaret licence (one of the first in the province) came under scrutiny by the Liquor License Board last year and they issued a "kids or booze" edict. Family weekends went out the window and the Fantastic Fort went disco. "Satin Sheets" and country buckaroos gave way to "Macho Man" and boogie fever every weekend night until 3 a.m.

All evidence of past identities isn't erased. The mirror ball, flashing traffic lights and glittery, garage garlands on the ceiling approximate disco chic—though hardly *à la Montréal*. Steers on the walls stare unblinkingly at blue-jeaned dancers, cheesy orange curtains, the popcorn machine down back and the DJ disappearing behind a clamshell curtain.

This is the backdrop for Fort Scenic's wet T-shirt contest, perhaps the only one in Atlantic Canada. "Good, clean fun" say the newspaper ads and TV commercials which attract a largely male, out-of-town clientele of *Playboy* connoisseurs, bikers, truck drivers, vanners, dudes, men in cut-offs, cowboy hats and dungarees from as far away as the Valley and Cape Breton. Most of the 300-odd Sunday crowd are regulars and leave in lemming-like droves after the naughty bits.

A demure Pollyanna in white sundress strips to soggy shirt and G-string. Two gumchewing blondes vow they will never go in it, then do. A three-man judging panel is chosen from the audience and plied with beer. One claims they "are proud to be chosen" and will declare the winner not on her "you know whats" but poise and posture.

The audience sometimes recruits contestants and delivers four or five post entries, kicking and biting, for one free beer. A recent rule change insists that girls must consent, and cannot be coerced, into a sopping shirt. Telephone calls from women who feel the contests are exploitive and sexist have not halted their frequency or popularity.

The wet T-shirt idea was Fried's, borrowed from the U.S., but the contest's success astounded even him. The man has panache, as well as instinct for the unusual, the profitable and the hip: He once roared across Fort Scenic's dance floor on a Harley-Davidson, high-heeled boots and all.

To counteract criticism that he's sexist and "to give the girls something to look at," Fried initiated the Mr. Rocky contest for men. It attracted "very serious, hard training" participants (in the words of a handsome muscle man sporting a T-shirt with lips), but the female crowds fell off. Fried's wife thinks that despite liberation, "girls are still too shy to come out and look at mens' bodies."

There are other contests. Jimmy, a dynamite dancer and Fort Scenic regular, often wins his booze and food in the Champagne Waltz and Rock 'n' Roll for your Dinner contests. There are plans for challenging a Florida lounge to send its team of nubiles, and the Fort has run bathing suit contests, too.

Why do women enter these contests?

"I did it for laughs," "for kicks," "the experience" and "after a few drinks" say the contestants. None claim to feel exploited but all say they feel nervous and jittery before the plunge. Applause and whistles are music, but rude remarks can be devastating. One Sunday casualty was an embarrassed 19-year-old who burst into tears after a particularly nasty obscenity.

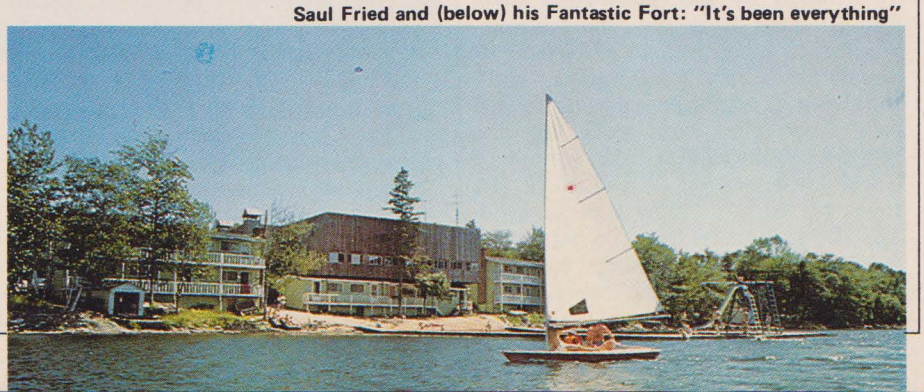
Although the $100 first prize is a drawing card, all women deny that they unharness for the dough; yet all would be pleased to win $100 and "wouldn't say no." Veteran Leda Smith, a statuesque 35-year-old and previous runner-up, confides that there are some girls who *are* quite serious about it—prinking and splashing in what MC Merv calls "the back room." Leda's philosophy: A wet T-shirt contest is like anything else. "You can do it like a lady or a tramp."

—Jennifer Henderson



JACK CUSANO

Saul Fried and (below) his Fantastic Fort: "It's been everything"



Woodstock, N.B.

"History, religion, politics and potatoes. Sometimes it's hard to tell which is which"

By David Folster

In a sleepy downstairs room at the L.P. Fisher Library, two women whisper about "exciting news from upriver." The belongings of a recently departed citizen have yielded a treasure trove of old documents, and a community history of a nearby village is in prospect. The discovery thrills the grandmotherly pair, and they discuss it as though it were a new recipe for strawberry preserves.

Such is life in Carleton County, N.B., where history oozes from every pore. History, religion, politics and potatoes. Sometimes it's hard to tell which is which. Jock Fraser lives out on the Jacksonville line, and he's the one Liberal the county has elected in the last 71 years. That happened in '48. Folks say it was the good will Fraser built up as a potato grower and shipper that propelled him to Fredericton, if only for one term. Another theory traces the county's political taste to a turn-of-the-century organizer for the Loyal Orange Lodge; his legacy was a lodge hall in every community and a Protestant anti-Grit bias that has stood the Tories in good stead ever since.

Someone may some day write a novel about Carleton County in the expansive style of an Edna Ferber, a John Steinbeck, or an Alex Haley. The author will base it on the potato industry, whose vicissitudes have broken more than one heart and fortune, and lace it with revivalist preaching, political patronage, a northern branch of the Ku Klux Klan, and Skedaddlers (as the county called draft-evaders from the American Civil War who settled in the hills back of Glassville). The book will also require a small town with aristocratic airs, and that will be Woodstock.

Nestled by the Saint John River just 10 miles from the Maine border, Woodstock has a genteel ambience. Its population is only 5,200 but, as county shiretown, it waits upon another 30,000 folk from the countryside beyond. Settled first by the Loyalist brigade of Brigadier-General Oliver DeLancey, the town got off to a slow start in 1784. The 100-acre grants were too narrow for farming, and many soldiers either ignored or sold them. (They were, a later historian said, "about equivalent to the gift of a town lot 120 feet in depth and one foot frontage on the street.") Those who stayed, however, gradually managed to acquire, to accumulate, to give the town a sense of civility that lives on in old wooden homes along shaded streets.



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

Woodstock, Carleton County, N.B.: "...a small town with aristocratic airs"





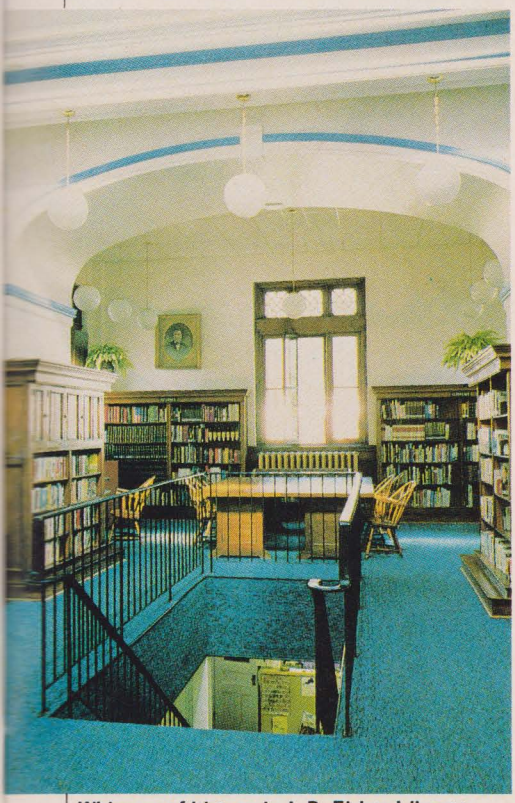
A. Beresford Connell recalls how Loyalist land became the town of Woodstock



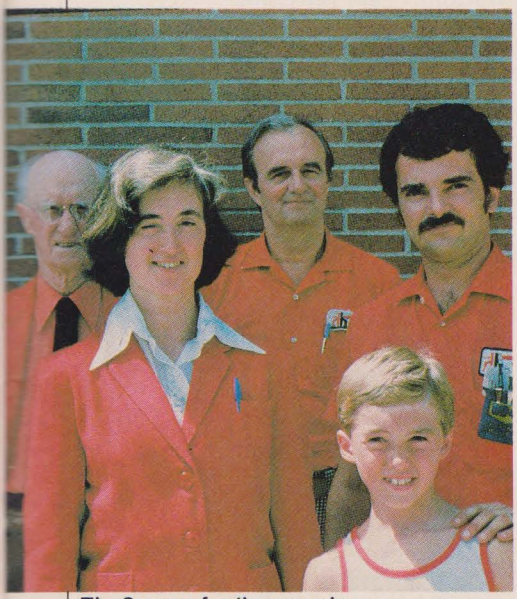
Jock Fraser's potato farm: Folks say it propelled him to legislature

In one of those homes sits A. Beresford Connell, gently rocking in a green upholstered chair, his blue eyes lively as he tells how a huge tract of land that had belonged to a Loyalist captain, Jacob Smith, came to the Connell family. Connell is nearly 91. He reels off the complicated transactions as

though they were written down in front of him. Smith's son Richard had, in his will, forbidden his wife Judith to sell the land. So Judith and lawyer Charles Beardsley concocted a scheme whereby she would issue leases for 999 years at a nominal annual rate but would also collect a substantial "bonus" at the beginning of each transaction. Thus did Judith receive, in effect, a purchase price even as she upheld the letter of the will and retained title to the land. Finally, growing old, in 1852 she dealt the entire package to Charles Connell in exchange for an annuity of £1,200. The land was much of Woodstock.



Whispers of history in L.P. Fisher Library



The Stewart family remember days of basketball glory

Today, Connell Street and Connell Park honor the family name, and the pillared Charles Connell House has recently become a national historic site. Charles was a politician, an ardent spokesman for Confederation, but he may be best remembered for his unfortunate decision—as New Brunswick's first postmaster-general in 1860—to put his own face on some stamps. The furore forced his resignation and a recall of the stamp issue. Some were missed. A long time later, they turned up and sold for thousands of dollars.

Woodstock's other prominent citizen of that era was a Connell in-law, Lewis Peter Fisher, whose benefactions included the library with its vaulted skylight, the community's first hospital and the country's first vocational school. When Fisher died in 1905, he left four-fifths of his estate to the people of Woodstock. "He had the basic philosophy," says Beresford Connell, estate executor and keeper of the flame.

Woodstock has become the kind of town that drove Upper Canadian journalists crazy when they came east to find examples of wretched Maritime living conditions. It has little industry, but it also has no real unemployment. A businessman says it's home to "a lot of people who are very, very comfortable." The Rotary Club, to which most of the movers and shakers belong, is often accused of running Woodstock. But the town has a plethora of other service and church organizations, and the biggest problem for a newcomer is learning to say no. In winter, Woodstock people apply themselves to good works, snowmobile zealously, and skip down to Squaw and Sugarloaf for skiing. In summer, they repair to cottages at nearby lakes, watch the moon rise over dark hills, listen to the loons cry, and talk about days long past.

To the world beyond this comfortable existence, Woodstock has an intriguing, sometimes incongruous face. Country music pours from radio station CJCJ. It's immensely popular, but the home-grown Thompson Consort is a group of young musicians who specialize in music from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The one tavern, The Fiddlehead, arrived only after a long battle, and Woodstock kicked out Theatre New Brunswick for the bad language and suggestiveness in its plays. For years, however, the girlie shows at the Old Home Week carnival were notorious pieces of bad taste. Woodstock is big on baseball, has produced national champion basketball teams, and nurtured Earle Avery, a harness-racing driver who became a world record-setter in the States. A more recent candidate for fame is Charlie Russell, whose satiric songs, especially "The

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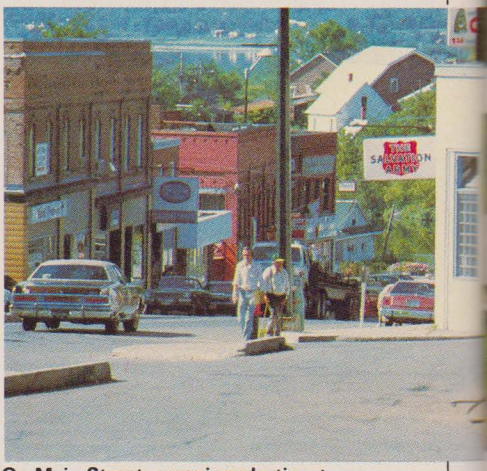
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Medieval music from Thompson Consort



On Main Street, creeping plastic, stucco

Bricklin," have been hits.

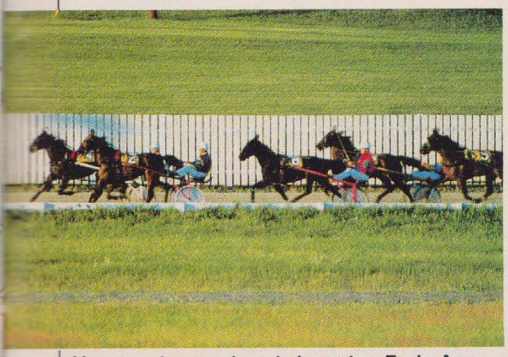
Woodstock wants to be modern and progressive, but it has a historical conscience. In the Main Street business district, plastic, stucco and concrete creep up the fronts of old red-brick buildings. They haven't made it to the top yet, but the trend seems inexorable and people like Dees and Ken Homer roundly deplore it.

The Homers are Woodstock's history-preserving dynamos. For more than 15 years their major project, through the Carleton County Historical Society, has been restoration of the Old Court House at Upper Woodstock, with frequent side trips to rescue an artifact here, another old building there. The Court House preservation is simon-pure down to its home-made paint and plaster bound with cow's hair. It's been much acclaimed and, says one observer, "left the whole town proud as punch." Ken Homer says: "They don't call us the hysterical society so much any more, but it's still a fight."

The Homers are also daughter and son-in-law of the late Dr. George Frederick Clarke, local dentist, author, and amateur archeologist. His specialty was Maliseet artifacts. A friend of Clarke's was E. Tappen Adney, an authority on the birch-bark canoe, an artist and



History-preserving Ken and Dees Homer



Horse racing produced champion Earle Avery

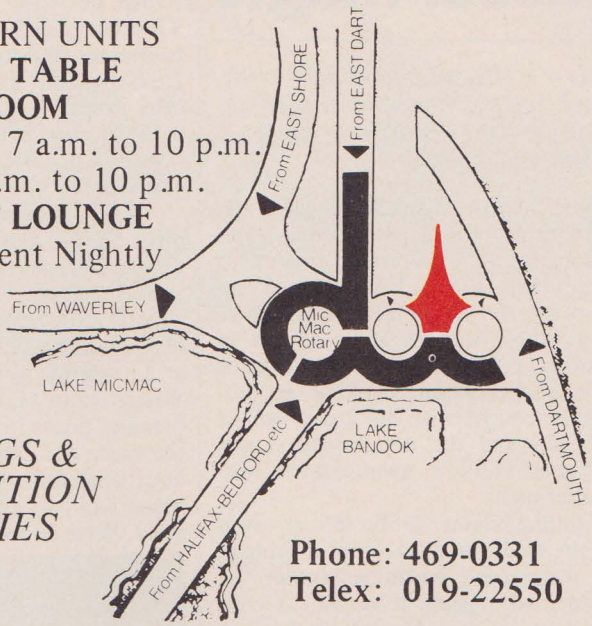
writer who covered the Klondike Gold Rush for *Harper's Weekly* and the *London Chronicle*. Adney also wrote about another Woodstock-area resident, Francis Peabody Sharp, whose pioneering work with fruit trees in the 1800s matched that of Luther Burbank in California. Sharp died in 1903, but remnants of his orchards still survive at Upper Woodstock.

Thus are Woodstock's lines drawn tightly from the present to the past. In his hardware store on Main Street, Bud Stewart remembers the old basketball teams and especially a coach, Bob Brown: "We all loved him, right to the last boy." Nearby, insurance man and realtor R.V. Thompson fondly recalls F.O. Creighton, a former mayor and initiator of community projects who always "started by giving his own money first." Jock Fraser remembers when Dalton Camp, another local boy, was actually a Liberal and one of his own strong supporters. At the weekly *Bugle* they laugh about the bizarre case of political patronage—the government has fired a man's horses because he was a Liberal. And at the radio station, Charlie Russell, a promoter by nature, looks out a window and muses, "There's so much here, there's so much could be done."

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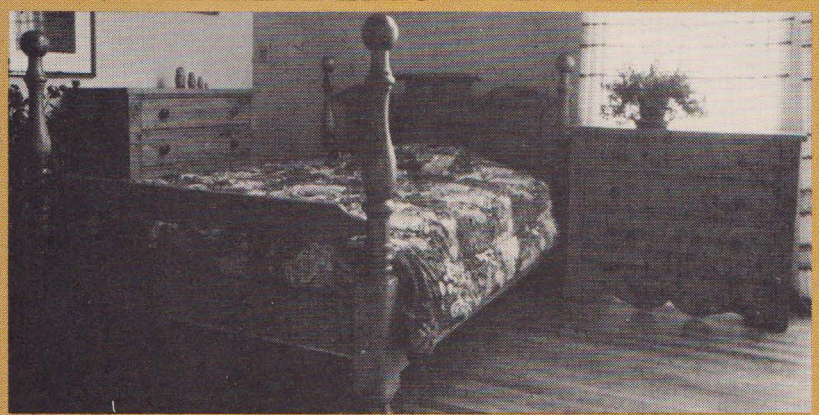
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Mussel magic

Marilyn Wells, an Island lady with French recipes, makes mussels delicious. And her Fish Soup is simply "magnifique"

Most Atlantic Canadians regard the humble mussel with disdain, preferring to break their fingernails digging clams. But to French cooks, *les moules* are the centrepiece of delicious dishes. When Marilyn Wells settled in Alberton, P.E.I., after more than a decade of living–and cooking–in Europe, she brought with her a shelf-full of cookbooks and the determination not to let her family's menus settle into Canadian ruts.

Finding clams to be gritty, even after the traditional 24-hours soaking in fresh water, she began to gather the black-shelled mussels at low tide. Favorite recipes became Mussels in Saffron Sauce, which originated in an Avignon restaurant, and *Moules au Gratin*, a dish from the Mediterranean coast. Marilyn serves *Moules au Gratin* even in winter when the coast is ice-bound, having steamed and frozen the mussels in summer, while saving the shells in which she presents the dish.

She accepts the stern dictum of English cooking authority Elizabeth David that "it is useless attempting to make bouillabaisse away from the shores of the Mediterranean," but offers her own Fish Soup. It makes thrifty use of those parts of the lobster that Maritimers usually throw away. And with a freezer, Fish Soup is another dish you can serve in season and out.

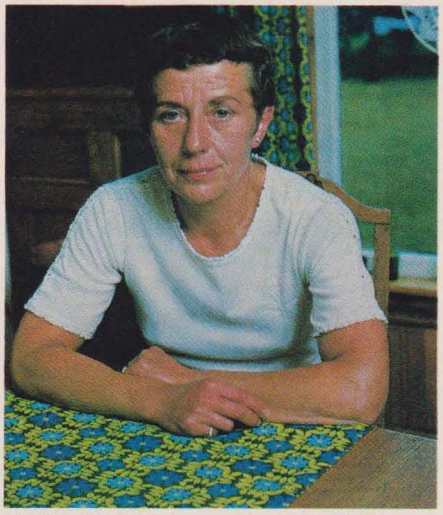
For dessert, there is rhubarb–but not stewed. Instead, it provides the delicate flavoring for rhubarb ice cream, which a European countess always served her pubescent daughters in early summer, "because of the cooling effect on the blood."

★ ★ ★

Fish Soup

1 large onion, chopped
2 leeks, or another onion, chopped
½ cup olive oil
4 cloves garlic, mashed
1 lb. ripe tomatoes, roughly chopped or small can tomatoes, drained or
3 tbsp. tomato paste
3½ pints water
6 parsley sprigs
1 bay leaf
½ tsp. thyme or basil
2 big pinches each fennel and saffron
2 inch piece orange peel
2 big pinches pepper
1 tbsp. salt
3 lbs. lean fish, fish heads, bones and trimmings, and lobster remains
2 oz. spaghetti or vermicelli, broken into pieces
thick slices of hard-toasted (in the oven) French bread
grated Swiss or Parmesan cheese

Cook onion and leeks slowly in olive oil for 5 minutes or until almost tender but not browned. Stir in garlic and tomatoes. Raise heat slightly and cook 5 minutes more. Add water, herbs, seasonings and fish and cook uncovered at a moderate boil for 30 to 40 minutes. Strain soup into another saucepan, pressing juices out of ingredients. Stir in the pasta and boil for 10 to 12 minutes. Pour soup into tureen or bowls over the bread and pass cheese and Rouille separately. Serves 6 to 8.



Marilyn Wells: One secret is simple thrift

Rouille

1 oz. canned pimento
1 small chilli pepper boiled till tender or a few drops of tabasco sauce
1 medium potato cooked in soup
4 cloves garlic, mashed
1 tsp. basil, thyme or savory
4-6 tbsp. olive oil
salt and pepper
2-3 tbsp. hot soup

Pound first 5 ingredients in bowl or mortar for several minutes to form a smooth, sticky paste. Then, drop by drop, pound or beat in the olive oil as in making mayonnaise. Season to taste. Just before serving, beat in the hot soup, drop by drop. Serve in a sauceboat.

★ ★ ★

Mussels in Saffron Sauce

3-4 pints cleaned mussels
1 small onion
1 bay leaf
few sprigs parsley
pinch of thyme
3 or 4 fennel seeds
½ cup water
¾ cup very thick white sauce
saffron
1 tbsp. very finely chopped, cooked spinach
buttered breadcrumbs

Cook the mussels with the water, onion and herbs. As soon as the mussels open, remove them, strain the liquid and add 1 to 1¼ cups of it to the white sauce. Then add enough saffron to make the sauce a good butter color. Add the spinach and stir in the shelled mussels. Turn the mixture into a casserole dish and spread with breadcrumbs. Dot with tiny pieces of butter and reheat in a hot oven for about 10 minutes, until the top surface is golden. Serves 2.

★ ★ ★

Moules Au Gratin

Allow 4 to 6 mussels (or more) per person as hors d'oeuvres. Scrub and clean them very thoroughly and steam them as you would clams, taking care to cook them only till the shells open. When they have cooled, shell them and put 2 mussels into the half-shells. Arrange them on a rather flat ovenproof platter or pan. Pour melted butter or olive oil over them, then a light sprinkling of breadcrumbs mixed with an equal quantity of Parmesan or Swiss cheese, a little chopped parsley and garlic and pepper. Strain a little of the juice from the mussels and pour it over them just to moisten. Heat in a moderate oven and serve quickly with lemon.

★ ★ ★

Rhubarb Ice Cream

1 lb. rhubarb (red for the loveliest color) cut into ½-inch pieces
¾ cup water
1 cup sugar
2 tsp. lemon juice
1 egg white
1 tbsp. icing sugar
1½ cups whipping cream
4 pieces preserved ginger (optional)

Simmer rhubarb with water and sugar until tender. Cool and chill in the refrigerator. Add lemon juice to rhubarb and freeze until ice crystals have formed and the mixture is solidifying around the edges. Beat partially frozen rhubarb with rotary beaters until smooth and mushy. Add finely chopped ginger if desired. Beat egg white until stiff, blend in icing sugar and fold into rhubarb mixture. Whip cream until stiff and fold into mixture. Return to freezer and freeze until firm. Serves 4 to 6.



Sixteen artists salute the down-and-out

Survival Atlantic Style: An art show that gives you a taste of poverty

By Roma Senn

Verney and Priscilla MacDonald of Sydney live with their three kids on $111 a week, and the family diet includes a lot of bologna and soup bones. Verney's job is short-term. For seven years, he's been looking for a steady one. That's all he wants, a decent job with a decent wage. The MacDonalds aren't unique. Tens of thousands of Atlantic Canadians are either jobless or underemployed and, often, their families survive on next to nothing.

In a moving photo-essay, Peter Barss (whose portraits of elderly craftsmen and craftswomen appeared in the July *Atlantic Insight*) told the story of the MacDonalds. But Barss was only one of 16 Atlantic Canadian artists, many of whom had faced tough times themselves, whose work appeared this summer in an unusual exhibition called *Survival Atlantic Style*. The Art Gallery of Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax, and art historian Barry Lord organized the show. It made a social comment and, in Canadian art these days, that's rare.

Too often, unemployment statistics blot out the people they represent. *Survival Atlantic Style* captured these men and women, captured their pain, their struggle, their dignity. In paintings, drawings, prints, sculpture, photography and videotape, the artists commented on unemployment in their own towns. Their creations were sometimes crude, more often refined, never irrelevant to a major social issue of their time and place.

Bernice Purdy is an artist. She's also a single mother who depends on welfare to support herself and two young children. Her "Welfare Lady", in *Survival Atlantic Style*, is a funny-sad portrait of a fat woman in a one-room flat with three cats. It speaks from the heart. Purdy knows that scene "from the inside out." So does Karl Spital. He grew up in a poverty-ridden pocket of New Brunswick. It was no trick for him to relate to the Survival theme, and friends and neighbors appear in his chalk drawings.

Frank Lapointe lives in Tors Cove, Nfld., these days but he keeps in touch with more remote outports, like the one in which he spent his childhood. They're a key to his art. Outport life was harsh. People left to find work and the postcards they sent home said a lot about the personal side of Newfoundland history. Old postcards dominate Lapointe's lithographs and, in one, a fellow writes to a friend back in Bonne Bay, "I feel very lonely here all the time but have to be satisfied with it, or get out." Lapointe himself says he's trying to pay homage to a way of life that, with all its joys and tragedies, constituted "a survival upon which is built a destiny of our own control."

Survival Atlantic Style was not in the mainstream of today's art and that, said photographer Barss, was "one of the good things about the show." Barry Lord called it a "key-turner," an exhibit of "people's art" that could not possibly have come about a decade ago and, even in the summer of '79, was chancy. It's doubtful if any commercial gallery would touch it. "Works of art which make a social comment are discouraged," Lord says. "They're not displayed. They're not bought." So many artists, he continues, stick to works that stress form over content. That's the stuff the Canada Council supports. Lord argues that the Council slavishly accepts U.S. standards in fine art, and the Council says his views are "hysterical."

At first, the Council liked the idea of an exhibit on unemployment. It contributed $2,500 for start-up costs. But the second time round, *Survival Atlantic Style* struck out. It applied for a $15,820-grant, but a four-man jury said the artists' work didn't seem to be related to the theme, and that the media were too "reactionary." The Council argued that video-tape and photography (both of which *were* in the show) would have "conveyed information better" than painting and sculpture. Lord says that what the Council really meant was, "Don't take unemployment and drag it into fine art." Twenty-two applications were before the Council. Eight got grants. In rejecting *Survival*, the Council's Geoffrey James said simply, "Eight exhibitions were better."

The rejection weakened chances for a national tour but Mary Sparling, like the tough people portrayed in the art, was determined the show would go on. She's gallery director at Mount Saint Vincent. By mid-summer, she had



PHOTOS BY PETER BARSS

persuaded National Museums of Canada to come through with a $13,965-grant that guaranteed *Survival Atlantic Style* would go to Newfoundland, New Brunswick, the Island and points west. Sparling runs her gallery on a shoestring, but to launch the show it chipped in $2,000. That, she says, "was a lot of money for us." She felt "really humbled" that, for this exhibit, some artists cheerfully produced new work for a measly $50.

Most of the artists attended the Halifax opening early this summer. "There was a really high feeling," Sparling recalled. "A sense of achievement. We'd pulled it off." Some viewers, however, weren't so happy. It disappointed and depressed anyone who'd expected pastoral landscapes. Many people were touched, Sparling said, but others were downright hostile. "They didn't think people on welfare should drink beer or have color TV."

Survival Atlantic Style, however, showed harsher realities than beer and television, and for different reasons, ruffled both artist and viewer. Barss had mixed feelings about exhibiting his photos of "Joan, Arthur and Lawrence MacDonald and their parents, Verney and Priscilla." By revealing their suffering, he thinks he may have exploited them, although with the best intentions. "Without truly knowing what poverty does to the human condition," he feels, "no answer will ever be found." And Sparling says that even those who did not like *Survival Atlantic Style* may have gone away puzzled. "And that," she adds, "is good."

Photos of Verney MacDonald's family in Sydney are part of an art exhibit about unemployment—and survival









Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK

Sept. – RCMP Musical Ride, Sept. 5 - 6, Saint John; Sept. 9, Oromocto, Sept. 11, Woodstock

Sept. – Theatre N.B. presents "Same Time Next Year," Sept. 3, St. Stephen; Sept. 4, Edmundston; Sept. 5, Campbellton; Sept. 6, Dalhousie; Sept. 7, Bathurst; Sept. 8, Chatham; Sept. 10, 11 Dieppe; Sept. 12, Sussex; Sept. 13 - 15, Saint John

Sept. 1, 2 – Handcraft Festival, Mactaquac

Sept. 1 - 3 – Annual Labor Day Indian festival, Tobique Indian Reserve

Sept. 1 - 4 – Lumberjack festival, Edmundston



Sept. 3,4 – Discovery Train, Newcastle

Sept. 3 - 30 – "A Prairie Summer," Paintings by William Kurelek, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Sept. 8 – Fredericton Exhibition Pace, Fredericton Raceway

Sept. 12 - 15 – Albert County Exhibition, Albert

Sept. 12 - 15 – Sussex Fall Fair, Sussex

Sept. 14 - 30 – Thirty Portraits by Maxwell Clark Pearn, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Sept. 16 – Bike-A-Thon, Fredericton to Crabbe Mountain

Sept. 20 - 22 – Fall Fair, Chipman

Sept. 22 – Rufin Barrieau Memorial Race, Saint John

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Sept. 2 – Drag Races, Oyster Bed Bridge

Sept. 3 - 15 – The Charlottetown Festival presents "Eight to the Bar," Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Sept. 5 - 30 – Photo-sculptures by Jessie Parker, Art Gallery, Confederation Centre

Sept. 5 - 30 – Jim Brodie: Graphics Art Gallery, Confederation Centre

Sept. 7 - 11 – Discovery Train, Charlottetown

Sept. 8,9 – Harvest Moon Golf Tournament, Brudenell

Sept. 15 – Fitzroy Rock Yacht Race, Charlottetown

Sept. 15,16 – Maritime Pre Senior Tournament, Brudenell



NOVA SCOTIA

Sept. – Discovery Train, Sept. 14 - 16, Truro; Sept. 19,20, Yarmouth; Sept. 21, 22, Liverpool; Sept. 24, 25, New Glasgow

Sept. 1 - 3 – An exhibit of four contemporary Scottish painters, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

Sept. 1 - 9 – Collection of Floral Design, N.S. Museum, Halifax

Sept. 2 – Blessing of the Crops, Minudie

Sept. 3 - 8 – N.S. Fisheries Exhibition and Fisherman's Reunion, Lunenburg

Sept. 4 - 8 – Pictou North Colchester Exhibition, Pictou

Sept. 4 - 30 – Confederation Generation, Bridgewater

Sept. 6 - Oct. 15 – Roger Savage: Exhibit of drawings, prints, watercolors, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

Sept. 11 - 16 – Hants County Exhibition, Windsor

Sept. 16 - 18 – Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, Atlantic Conference '79, Hotel Nova Scotia, Halifax

Sept. 19 - 22 – Queens County Fair, Caledonia

Sept. 21 - Oct. 14 – Harvest Festival, Annapolis Valley

Sept. 23 - 30 – Harvest Festival, Cumberland Co.

Sept. 26 - 28 – Annual Weaver's Conference, Halifax

Sept. 26 - 30 – Joseph Howe Festival, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

Sept. – CBC Hymn Sing, Arts and Culture Centre, Sept. 18, Stephenville; Sept. 19, Corner Brook; Sept. 20, Grand Falls; Sept. 21, Gander; Sept. 22, St. John's

Sept. – Discovery Train, Sept. 27 - 29, St. John's; Sept. 30 - Oct. 1, Botwood

Sept. – Young People's Theatre Company of Toronto presents "Lateina Magica...The Lost Fairy Tale," Sept. 10-11, St. John's; Sept. 13 - 14 – Gander; Sept. 17, Grand Falls

Sept. 1, 2 – The Inner Eye of Chen Chi-Kwan: Traditional Chinese scroll paintings, MUN Art Gallery, St. John's

Sept. 1 - 15 – Deborah McDermott: Drawings and Lithographs, Gander

Sept. 1 - 15 – Other Perspectives: Newfoundland and Labrador Landscapes, Grand Falls

Sept. 7 - Oct. 5 – Mixed Media Exhibit: Survival Atlantic Style, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

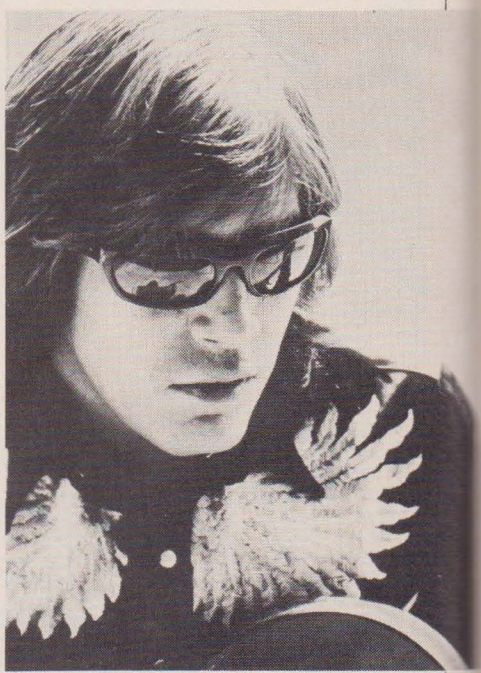
Sept. 16 – Father Foley in Concert, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Sept. 21 - 23 – Bally Haly Golf Club Atlantic Amateur Tournament, St. John's

Sept. 23, 24 – Ballet Internacional de Caracas, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Sept. 27 - 29 – Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Sept. 30 – José Feliciano, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's



This man's navy had more laughs than tears

Hal Lawrence, A Bloody War, Macmillan of Canada, $14.95

Several times I vowed to read no more Second World War. Having plowed through hundreds of the thousands of titles published in the last 30-odd years, I thought there was nothing else I really wanted to read about the war. But books like *A Bloody War* make me glad I've consistently broken the pledge.

Despite the title—part of a 1939 junior officers' toast, "A bloody war and a sickly season"—Lawrence promises "more laughter than tears." There's plenty of both. He takes us from September 8, 1939, when he joined the tug *Andrée Dupré* as an 18-year-old "snotty" at Halifax to the end of the European war when, newly admitted to the permanent navy, he was first lieutenant of the destroyer *Sioux*, the winner of the Distinguished Service Cross and a mention in dispatches.

The *Sioux* was there at D-Day, and Lawrence actually managed, contrary to orders, to set foot on Sword beach. But his war and that of the destroyer on which he logged 112,000 miles was mostly spent on convoy escort—"ten thousand miles of convoy route and I'd sailed every cable of it." It was a lifeline that stretched from Trinidad, to Bermuda, to New York, Boston, Halifax, Sydney, St. John's, Reykjavik, Londonderry, Greenock, Scapa Flow and Murmansk. German surface raiders and U-boats were never far away. Month after month, year after year, Lawrence and his shipmates endured the Germans, the monotony, the cramped quarters, the bad food, the fear, and the cold of the North Atlantic. He tells the tale with eloquence and restraint:

"The escorts of that winter's convoys [1941-42] rushed from emergency to emergency, from sinking to sinking, outnumbered by U-boats, with inadequate equipment, through survivors howling for help....Rescue ships, specially fitted for taking on survivors, were not yet with us. And it didn't matter that much. Five minutes in the freezing water was the most a



Lawrence: If there was oil in the water, "dying was not so simple"

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Books

man could last. Death was practically painless, the doctors assured us; the victim just drifted off. Of course, if there was fuel oil in the water, he tended to choke and retch, and dying was not so simple. And if depth charges were exploding nearby, the end was definitely painful...."

Shore leave, even tying up to a jetty, was the more prized for its infrequency. New York was best. Lawrence left it seeking "the comparative tranquility of war." St. John's was second-best. Lawrence, like thousands of other Allied seamen, treasures the memory of hours spent in the Crow's Nest, the Colony Club and the homes of friendly Newfoundlanders. He makes no mention of friendly Haligonians.

Familiar names abound: Pullen, Mainguy, Rayner, Piers, Budge—all future flag-officers, Atlantic Coast. During his gunnery training, Lawrence got a lesson in bellicosity from a lieutenant-commander known as H.F. "Herr von" Pullen: " 'You've got to *want* to see the scuppers run with blood,' he roared at us on our graduation parade. He didn't make it clear if he meant the enemy's blood or ours."

Near war's end, Lawrence and Lieutenant-Commander Desmond Piers, captain of the *Algonquin*, were guests aboard a Russian destroyer at Murmansk. After many, many toasts and much chug-a-lugging of vodka and rum, "A Russian sub-lieutenant flung himself at Debbie, determined to kiss the visiting captain. With a girlish shriek Debbie took to his heels. Around they went, over tables, chairs...the sublieutenant gaining. We cheered them on. With coy glances over his shoulder and imaginary skirt held high, Debbie squealed at every leap. He was too good; the sub-lieutenant sank down exhausted."

Then there was the time Lawrence came upon a game of "Horsy-Horsy" in the wardroom of the battleship *King George V*. "On the fringe of the maelstrom, we edged our way to the bar.... We passed the King and Sir Bruce, as dishevelled and sweaty as anyone. 'Look here, Fraser,' panted the King, I'm senior to you; this time I'll get on your back'." The King, of course, was George VI and Sir Bruce Fraser was commander of the Home Fleet.

The outstanding incident of Lawrence's career, the one which gained him his DFC, was the fulfilment of a boyhood dream—"boarding an enemy ship on the Spanish Main." Together with a petty officer, and "clad only in a pistol, two grenades, a gas-mask, a length of chain, a flashlight and a lifebelt" and with his own ship's guns firing at him, Lawrence leapt aboard U-94 in an attempt to keep her crew from scuttling the submarine.

If he had been in the U.S. Navy, that episode alone would ensure that *A Bloody War* would be made into a first-rate movie. As it is, Lawrence, now a lecturer in English at the University of Ottawa after a naval career that spanned 26 years, will probably have to settle for having written a rattlingly good book.

—Harry Flemming



Lawrence and a petty officer leapt aboard a Nazi submarine

Breaking Away is the best American movie of the year

By Martin Knelman

Dave, the young protagonist played by Dennis Christopher in the engaging *Breaking Away*, is a dreamy, gawky drifter who gets through the ordeal of late adolescence by inventing another identity for himself. Paying homage to his heroes, a champion Italian bicycle-racing team, he lives his life in Italian, as if that were a perfectly natural thing to do in Indiana. Instead of annoying his parents by playing rock music on his stereo, he annoys them by playing Rossini operas at full volume. He not only speaks Italian to people who don't understand it, but also play-acts his bizarre role so intensely that every nuance and expression that comes out of him is extravagantly, romantically Italian.

The reality of his life is so laughably far from this romanticized Italian ideal that the details of his social and family life become a comic counterpoint. He has parents from the cheerfully vulgar world of television game shows —a plump irritable father (Paul Dooley) who scrounges a living selling bad used cars to naive buyers, and a mother (Barbara Barrie) who fusses over everybody in a fondly scatterbrained way.

His social life consists mainly of hanging around with three other confused young charmers with whom he has something overwhelming in common: Being 19-year-olds who aren't going to college. The others are Mike the jock (Dennis Quaid), Cyril the clown (Daniel Stern), and Moocher the shrimp (Jackie Earle Healey). All four have hit a crucial point in their lives. They've graduated from high school, they're on the lam over the summer from the crummy jobs at grocery stores and carwash places for which they're uniquely qualified, and they have somehow been denied the part of the American dream that made a higher education as routine as a television set.

The insecurity these boys feel about not going to college is not something they talk about, but it is the subject of the movie. It's a good subject, and *Breaking Away* lives up to the promise of its idea. The movie's strongest element is a fresh, buoyant screenplay by Steve Tesich, 35, who emigrated from Yugoslavia when he was 13 and wound up at the University of Indiana in Bloomington, where the film is set. He was himself involved in the kind of bicycle race that provides the rousing climax for *Breaking Away*.

Breaking Away was directed by Peter Yates, an Englishman better known for making clunky, big-budget Hollywood pictures. (His credits include *Bullitt, Hot Rock, For Pete's Sake,* and *The Deep*.) There is not much in that record to identify Yates as a film-maker of talent and sensitivity, but he has



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Movies

shown admirable tenacity in refusing to get locked into a series of impersonal, big-budget projects, which would have been easy and lucrative after the success of *The Deep*. Yates met Tesich in New York, where he directed one of his plays at the experimental American Place Theatre. Yates has said that he wanted to get back to the kind of low-budget character study that he worked on when he was Tony Richardson's assistant on *The Entertainer* and *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*.

In *Breaking Away*, he seizes the opportunity. You don't come away from it talking about the director's dazzling style, but there's a winning, low-key charm about the way it's put together. It is so seamless you never question the validity of what you're seeing; you just get caught up in the lives of the characters and the excitement of the final race. The Little 500, as it's called, is a two-wheel version of the Indianapolis 500, and the threads of the story neatly come together when Dave and his friends find themselves competing with their rivals from the campus *and* with the visiting Italian bike team that Dave reveres.

In the opening scenes, we watch these four boys act out their territorial claims to the local quarry, where they go to lounge around and swim on a hot summer day when there's nothing much better to do. When the fraternity boys from the campus turn up at the quarry, showing off for their girl friends, it brings out the buried fury in the townies, who think the college boys should stay on their fancy campus and use their expensive swimming pool.

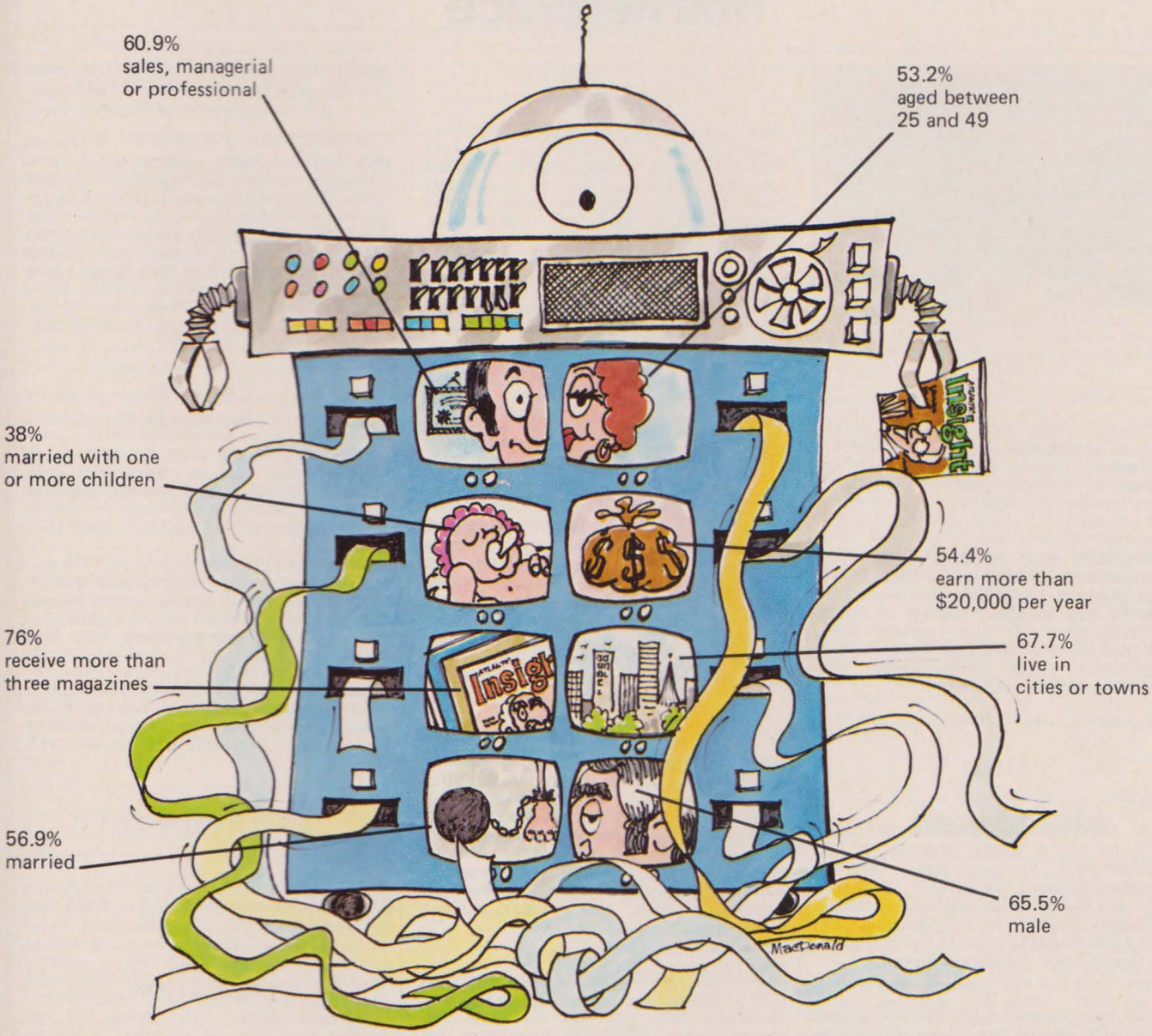
The boys in town are known as cutters, presumably because cutting stone is the most common local occupation for men who haven't gone to college. The term is used both derisively and with a kind of playful pride: The boys flash the appellation on their T-shirts when they enter the race. It is never suggested that college boys or townies might have a lot in common if they ever sat down and tried to get along; they recognize each other as implacable enemies. And when the cutters take their revenge by invading the campus and even flirting with college girls, it's like a declaration of total war—a war that can be resolved only on the battlefield of the Little 500.

Peter Yates's zappy action-picture techniques come through in the Little 500, but the heart of the movie lies in a screwball romance between Dave and a college girl played by Robyn Douglass. Dave's Italian act goes out of control when he meets her. He sees her drop a book accidentally, scoops it up and whizzes away on his Italian bike to catch up, return the book, and make a conquest. But for a cutter like Dave, a beautiful college girl is unattainable. He doesn't have the confidence to offer himself for what he is, so he extends the act he has been playing. He presents himself as an exotic immigrant lately arrived from Italy—refreshingly full of European brio.

To Dave, an immigrant has an excuse for being different from the campus boys this girl normally dates, whereas a cutter would be regarded as a loser. This twist gives Dave a whole new motivation for his one-man show, and he plays it to the hilt. There is a wonderful sequence in which, feigning a courtship ritual in a romantic Italian manner, Dave serenades the girl in the courtyard beneath the windows of the college dorm, assisted by a friend playing the violin and a hidden record player. In this scene, *Breaking Away* reaches a pitch of clownish festiveness that invites comparison with the pastoral low-life escapades in Shakespeare's green-world comedies.

Dennis Christopher seizes on the part of Dave and gives it a sunny, monomaniacal energy. (Even before he landed this role, Christopher had his own Italian obsessions: He went to Rome and had his fantasies come true when he met Fellini by accident and got several small parts in *Fellini Roma*.) Dave belongs to a whole line of impossible American dreamer-liars from Holden Caulfield of *The Catcher in the Rye* to the tomboy heroine of Carson McCullers' *A Member of the Wedding*. What they both have in common is a gift for hanging on to their childhood mythology of let's pretend: Instead of shaking it off and growing up, they extend its magic to embrace their adult lives, and fabricate entire counter-realities for themselves.

Dave gets a shock when he confesses his deception to the object of his adoration and she, feeling humiliated, slaps him and runs away. His worst fear seems to have come true: When he starts sounding like everyone else, he gets rejected. But Dave is not like everybody else; he has the imagination and the drive to soar. It's obvious he's no ordinary cutter, and the movie ends with his decision to go to college. Whether college can provide the challenge he needs is a question beyond the limits of *Breaking Away*. This movie may not have the box-office clout of the big, noisy summer hits but it's the best American movie so far this year.



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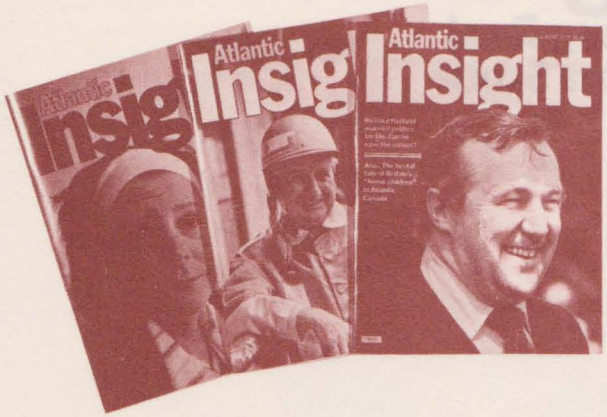
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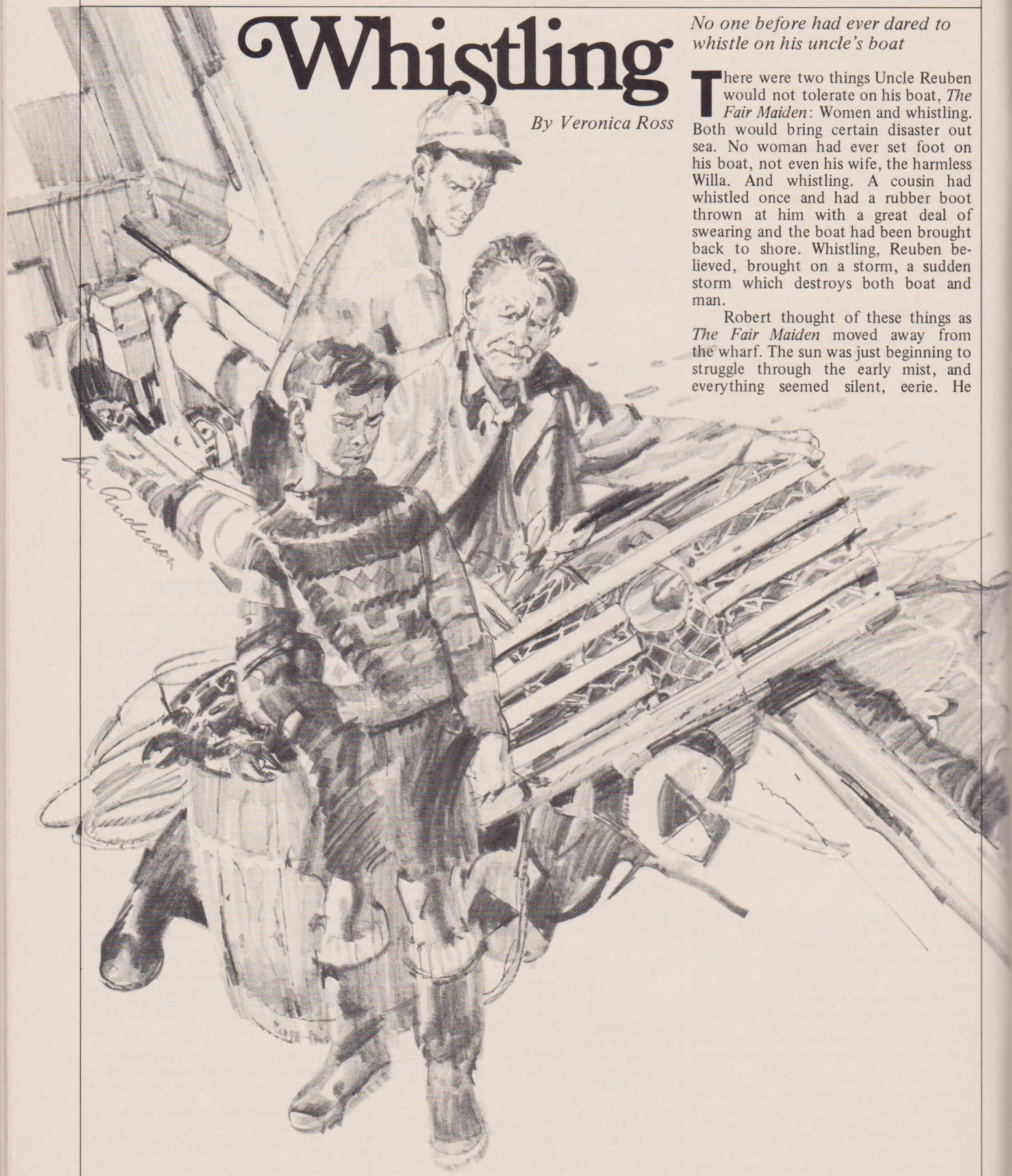
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Whistling

By Veronica Ross



No one before had ever dared to whistle on his uncle's boat

There were two things Uncle Reuben would not tolerate on his boat, *The Fair Maiden*: Women and whistling. Both would bring certain disaster out sea. No woman had ever set foot on his boat, not even his wife, the harmless Willa. And whistling. A cousin had whistled once and had a rubber boot thrown at him with a great deal of swearing and the boat had been brought back to shore. Whistling, Reuben believed, brought on a storm, a sudden storm which destroys both boat and man.

Robert thought of these things as *The Fair Maiden* moved away from the wharf. The sun was just beginning to struggle through the early mist, and everything seemed silent, eerie. He

shivered, thinking, *Stupid old man.* He felt quite removed from everything. Uncle Reuben was busy with the motor, and Egon, the young hired helper, was silently working with the ropes. The men seemed like sleepwalkers, but sleepwalkers with a purpose. *Chauvinistic, ignorant old fool.*

That's what his mother used to say every year, driving down to Nova Scotia for the annual week at Uncle Reuben's place. His father always told the old stories, about how Uncle Reuben had seen a ghost out sea, about how as a boy of 16 he had received his first drink aboard *The Fair Maiden.* It was like a ritual: His father telling stories, his mother scoffing behind her sunglasses, reading a magazine, and he in the back seat, warmed by both the stories and coastal scenery.

But this year everything had been different. They'd driven in silence, all three of them in the front seat, with his mother not reading, but gazing firmly at the bleak, rocky seacoast she disliked so much, maybe because she knew she would never have to see it again. Therefore, this last time, she could take it in without pretending to be anywhere else. His parents were getting a divorce. His father had already moved out. In September, Robert and his mother were moving to California. She was going to marry a professor of English she had met when taking courses two years ago. They were going to live in a white stucco house beside the Pacific Ocean with this strange man and his two daughters. His father would remain in Toronto. They were selling most of the furniture. His father had already moved out of the hotel room and found a small apartment.

This visit was just a pretence—a show for Granna, as they called his grandmother, who was dying of cancer and did not know, and must not know, about the divorce.

It all seemed unreal to Robert. He had imagined the bickering would just go on for years, until his parents were both old people. Now, he wished he and his mother had gone straight to California, even though he told himself he would hate it. His mother had visited the professor at Easter and had actually said, "Those poor girls. They need a mother."

How could this be? he wondered, trying to get warm in the cuddy.

"Pass me the knife there, boy," Uncle Reuben said.

He passed it. No one spoke much this early in the day. Of course, Reuben knew about the divorce. Robert wanted desperately to dislike him now, to get the week over as soon as possible. How could everything be so ordinary? How could he say, "Goin' fishin' with me tomorrow, boy? Think you can keep your breakfast down now?" It was a joke. The first time he had gone out with him, he had been eight years old, five years ago, and had spent the morning being sick over the side. Reuben hadn't brought him in; he had passed crackers and bananas, the first to have something in his stomach, the second to make the coming-up easier. Aunt Willa had packed them in the box with the other food. Later that afternoon, the sickness had gone, and he had helped with the fish. And later, he remembered: Uncle Reuben baiting trawl, he sitting on a rock, watching a swallow. "They fly all the way to Africa sometimes," he told Uncle Reuben, who had repeated, "Africa?" with that same look in his eye he got out at sea sometimes, a faraway, dreamy look.

"Goin' to get his sea legs after all," Uncle Reuben had said at supper. Not dinner; they called it supper. "Smart boy."

Now, five years later, he thought, *I should whistle.*

Reuben with his ain't's.

Superstitious old Reuben, not allowing a woman on his dumb old boat.

Can't he ever wear anything besides those old wool pants and rubber boots?

Look how dumb they acted that time they visited us. Rude, too. Couldn't wait to get back, and after we showed them all those museums and took them to all those shows and restaurants. Reuben and Willa, dressed up, uncomfortable, just sitting there silently that time those friends of his mother's had come, the Buglers, who wanted to play charades. Literary charades. There'd been a fight about that, later on, after Reuben and Willa had left. "How can you be so cruel?" his father had yelled, and his mother had responded in that icy tone, "We were only doing what perfectly ordinary civilized people do all the time."

"The reason he's uneducated is because of me. He went fishing so I could stay in school. I owe him something."

"He has the house. That's worth something."

"Oh go to hell."

His mother was right. *Dumb, stupid old Reuben.*

The sun was coming up now, turning the water blue instead of the slate-grey it had been earlier. Already the land was just a dot in the distance.

"Sleepin' the day away?" Uncle Reuben's face was friendly, wide awake now. "Come on out. Gotta do your share, same as everyone else." And to Egon who was rolling a smoke, "These city slickers, they'd sleep the day away if you let 'em."

Egon grinned, winked. Robert climbed out of the cuddy, Uncle Reuben's thick hand falling on his shoulder.

Who does he think he is anyway? Robert thought, going to help Egon with the ropes. *Bossing me around and everything.*

They worked all morning, hauling in the lobster traps. There were hundreds of them, it seemed, and each one, marked by a red buoy, had to be hauled up by hand. The nylon ropes burned into his hands. Haul, haul, haul, and suddenly there it was, the wooden trap. Out with the lobsters, in with the bait, throw it back. Egon took his shirt off. *Neanderthal man,* Robert thought. When Uncle Reuben hauled his traps, his face became completely serious, just like his father's face was when he brought papers home from the office at night and worked on them at the dining room table. Uncle Reuben looked like his father, with the same straight but somehow carved features, except that his skin was darker, more wrinkled. Granna had said he resembled Reuben too. Huh!

"Gonna' get myself one of those automatic haulers," Reuben said, the first words he had spoken for what seemed like hours.

"Yeah," Egon agreed, wiping his forehead with the back of his arm.

"Soon's I get that new radar rig paid off. Hungry boy?"

Robert shrugged.

"Seal out there," Egon remarked, rolling another smoke.

"See out there, boy? Take a look. Smartest damn creatures the Lord ever created. Go on, take a look."

Robert glanced. There it was, in the distance, a bobbing black form. Then he turned away.

"Hear about that dead whale?" Egon asked, throwing his cigarette into the water, "They say it's dead."

"Gonna be a real stink." Uncle Reuben passed cups of scalding tea.

All they ever talk about is fishing, Robert thought, seeing his mother's face. Last night the two couples had played cards in the kitchen. Willa had been chatty, gossipy, then tearful, as she discussed Granna who was sleeping upstairs. Reuben had said, winking, "You women, you gab all the time. Play cards!" Before, this would have brought a witty retort from his mother, but last night she had merely shrugged and looked bored. With her streaked hair and red nails, she looked like a different person. Everything about her seemed to say, I don't care, I'm far removed from all this. Sometimes he thought his father looked at his mother in a funny way. *Perhaps they'll make up.* His father had had tears in his eyes after he'd seen Granna and had made a strange noise in his throat. For a minute, his mother made a gesture towards his father and Robert had thought, She'll touch him and

then everything will be all right again. But nothing happened like that. His father went to stand by the window, looking out at the field where as a boy he'd played baseball and which he had once accidentally set on fire. His mother had gone in to say hello to Granna, and had emerged from the bedroom looking sad but dry-eyed. It was all so complicated. His father had been cruel too, had said mean things to his mother. But they always took a familiar path to hurt each other.

Seeing the old white family house standing on the hill as they drove up, Robert had had the feeling that this, at least, was simple and secure, sure in its patterns of life: Willa cooking supper, Reuben waiting, after he had washed up, with his sleeves rolled back to his elbows. Willa with her church group and sewing circle and Reuben with his cronies at the fish wharf. And yet, when one needed the other, they just sort of came together without any words being spoken. Willa had appeared suddenly out the back door, dish towel in hand, clothespins in her mouth, and right then, the heavy, leaden silence had made the house and the life in it all too near, much too ordinary, so that it, too, became oppressive. Robert had told himself he'd probably never see it again anyway.

"How's Myrtle?" Egon asked. Myrtle was Granna.

"Ailing. Can't last too much longer."

"Good they came then, Bill and them." Bill was Robert's father.

"Mighty glad she was to see them, too. Minister's supposed to come today."

"When I go, I hope it's like this." Egon snapped his fingers.

"Me too. Don't want no one lookin' after me, cryin' and goin' on. If I had my way, I'd be buried out sea. Hard to do that nowadays though." The pot was boiling. Robert watched as Reuben slid the lobsters in, pouring salt on them and quickly putting the lid on. The lid lifted; a claw appeared. Reuben pushed the lid down firmly.

I ought to let the lobsters go, Robert thought. *Wonder what they'd do.*

I should whistle.

"Never get this kind of feed in the city, boy," Reuben said.

Egon laughed. "You can say that again."

"We've eaten lobsters in restaurants before."

"Sure," Reuben said. "I've seen 'em. If they're fresh, I'm a monkey's uncle. Nothing like when they come right out of the water. Remember when we had those tinkers, Egon?"

"Whole burlap bag full."

"Ate all night. Best damn feed I ever had."

"Whisky helped too." Egon winked.

All he ever does is wink.

"Sometime you're down here, we'll get you a real feed." Reuben told Robert. "Like nothing you ever seen before."

Can't you talk proper English?

"I'm going to California. We're going to live right by the *Pacific Ocean* where you can go surfing and *everything.*"

Did a look pass between the two men? And how come his voice had been so weak, almost shaky?

"Oh well, you'll be back. Maybe you can stay longer."

"It's real far away."

"That's what they make airplanes for, eh Egon?"

"Yeah, planes fly every day." Egon rolled another cigarette.

Why can't he buy them?

"And they don't have lobsters out there, on the Pacific."

"They have lots of other things." He went to stand away from them, with his back to them. He hadn't meant to mention the move in the fall. And in that sissified little voice, too! He watched the screeching, ugly gulls. At the wharf, there was one that ate right out of Reuben's hand. Reuben had named it Henry. He always fed the stupid things. Now a bread crust flew through the air and the birds converged on it, screaming greedily.

"Come get a bite of dinner. Get somethin' in your stomach, boy."

"I'm not hungry."

"Not hungry? On the water all morning and not hungry? Don't be so foolish. Come and eat."

He went. They were shelling the lobsters. "Bet you won't get a feed like this for a long time. Tastes best out sea. Have to save some out for your mother. She likes 'em made up into that stuff with that sauce. Makes it real good," he said to Egon. "Never tasted it before. Cream and wine and stuff. Different, but it sure is good." To Robert: "Here. Claws are the best, boy." He passed things: Butter, bread, more tea, cookies.

"No more crackers and *bananas*," Egon joked.

Robert glowered, spilled his tea. Reuben threw him a rag. "Wipe it up, boy. Keep things shipshape."

I hate you, I hate you, I hate you. He wiped the spilled tea. The rag was turning grey. Dirty boat. They had forgotten all about him, and were already discussing how much they would get for the lobsters at the pound.

There were another 30 traps to be hauled after lunch. *Dinner.* Robert went to sit in the cuddy and Reuben left him alone. Perhaps they had decided to ignore him? He began to pick the paint off the side of the cuddy.

I'm going to whistle, he thought, carefully peeling off one long strip of white paint. *I'll go out and whistle and there won't be a thing they can do about it, not here, right in the middle of the sea, miles away from land. I'll whistle and whistle and drive him crazy.*

He went out and whistled.

Uncle Reuben stopped hauling, let go of the rope, and turned around slowly.

"Don't do that again, boy," he said softly, too softly.

He did it again, his hands in his pocket, a silly grin on his face.

Uncle Reuben swore. "Jesus old goddamn Christ, you do that again you little bastard...." He shook his fist.

Egon laughed. "Gonna bring up a storm boy." But he looked scared and motioned for him to stop.

"Try and stop me." Robert faced his uncle, his hands still in his pocket. "Nothing you can do about it. I hope your dumb boat sinks and that you *drown.*"

He started to whistle again, this time to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Wasn't he going to do anything? He kept whistling and whistling, moving closer to his uncle, who stood with his hands by his side, away from his body, as though he were ready to strike him. Almost up to him, a foot away from him, he whistled right at him, his face set in an almost painful expression of ridicule and hatred, swaying slightly to the tune of the song as though he had a harmonica. In the background, he could see Egon hovering.

He began to tap his foot to the tune of the song.

Reuben hit him on the shoulder, pushing him a bit.

He stopped. Everything, everything seemed to fall down and apart and back together again in a completely different shape. He began to cry, saying over and over again, "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you."

"You get in that cuddy!" Another push. "You get in there and keep your trap shut or you'll get a good hidin' from me!" He was *growling*, as Willa would say. "Damn little bastard," Reuben went on, his voice as familiar and as welcome as the first sight of the family house, built over a hundred years ago,where nothing ever changed.

Psst! Want the secret of N.S. smoked salmon?

Nothing mysterious—just Willy Krauch's tender, loving care

Willy Krauch's letter file is stuffed with orders from Japan, Honolulu, all over the United States. There's a note from Queen Elizabeth's Master of the Household, thanking him for the smoked salmon he sent on Her Majesty's Silver Jubilee. (He'd heard how much she'd enjoyed it at a state dinner in Halifax.) Fish-lovers know about Willy in Tokyo and Texas, in New York restaurants and the kitchens of Buckingham Palace because, at his expanded but still modest facilities at Tangier, N.S., he produces smoked salmon, mackerel and eels second to none in the world.

More than 10 years ago, a New York food writer discovered Krauch's lox and announced his ecstasy to the world. He helped create the international demand that sends packages postmarked Tangier, filled with the precious, perishable product, all over the globe. Before that, word-of-mouth had spread the news about the wonderful smoked fish you could buy at a little place down the eastern shore, about 130 km from Halifax.

It's been a happy accident for Willy. He couldn't have planned it. He knows nothing of advertising techniques or mass-marketing ploys. He does know how to make great smoked fish. "I learned in Denmark before I came to Canada," he says, "and I'm still learning."

He was born 66 years ago and brought up in fishing villages off Jutland. As a boy, he worked on schooners in the Danish and Swedish merchant marines. For a while he made a living as a duck hunter around the islands, and sometimes by peddling fish. In 1951 he came to Canada looking for adventure. His first job on a farm in Berwick, N.S., paid $2.50 a day, without board, for himself and three children. He worked at a fish plant in New Brunswick, standing thigh-deep in a tank of herring, dipping 10,000 pounds an hour, nine hours a day, for 45 cents an hour "until a Frenchman told me no one there would work like that." He went lumbering in Nova Scotia and British Columbia.

In '56 he decided to try fish-smoking. "For years after," he remembers, "I was working until 10, 11 at night, peddling the fish door-to-door around the country, then driving home 50, 60 miles with $5 clear." By contrast, his lifestyle today is comfortable, but not lavish. He likes to point out that his smoked salmon sells for $9 per pound at the shop, while New York newspaper advertisements quote the price there at $35 per pound.

Willy denies there's any mystery about his method. His product is good because he's fussy. He uses only the best fish, for which he depends on local fisherman Earle Hutt. He buys mackerel only in the fall when they're at peak condition, and freezes them until he needs them. He gets eels from New Brunswick because they're the fattest and scorns salmon caught after July 1, as well as those over 20 pounds ("too pale, no flavor") or under eight pounds ("too dry, even the cat don't eat it"). He uses balsam-free maple kindling, about 25 cords a year. He would use alder or hickory if they were plentiful. He's content to remain a small, family business. Zabar's, the big delicatessen on Broadway, wanted Willy to send them 500 pounds of lox a week but he refused: Operating on that scale, he thinks, would destroy his quality.

Two of Willy's sons, John and Max, do most of the work today, but all 10 of his children have helped in the business. The youngest, 16-year-old Alice, claims that when she was 11, she and another sister could clean a 100-pound box of eels in an hour. Even with the family help, Willy is often on the road a week at a time, driving to Truro for sawdust, to New Glasgow and Halifax, delivering orders to stores and peddling fresh fish. Two years ago he replaced his tiny, old, blackened smokehouse with a larger building that houses office, shop, smokehouse and cleaning room. There he prepares 25,000 pounds of salmon and 60,000 pounds of mackerel for sale each year.

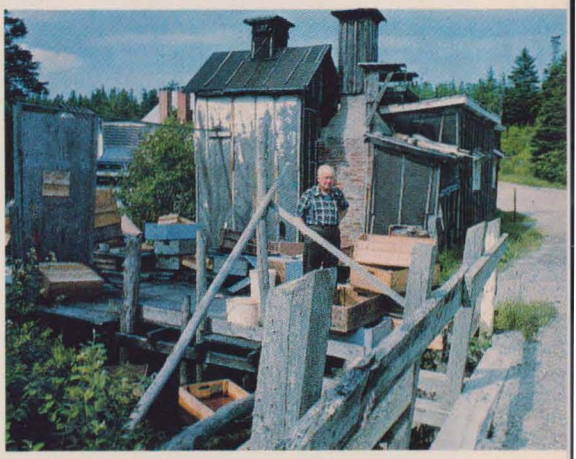
In 1971 Willy and his wife Irene were able to afford a holiday in Denmark. Now he goes back each fall to hunt the still plentiful duck, hare and pheasant and to fish—his ancestors' way of life for 1,500 years. Back on the eastern shore, most of the ducks are gone. But the fishing is good enough, so he no longer needs to augment his supply of Atlantic salmon with Pacific imports. The man who still describes himself simply as "a fish peddler" likes it that way.

— Heather Laskey

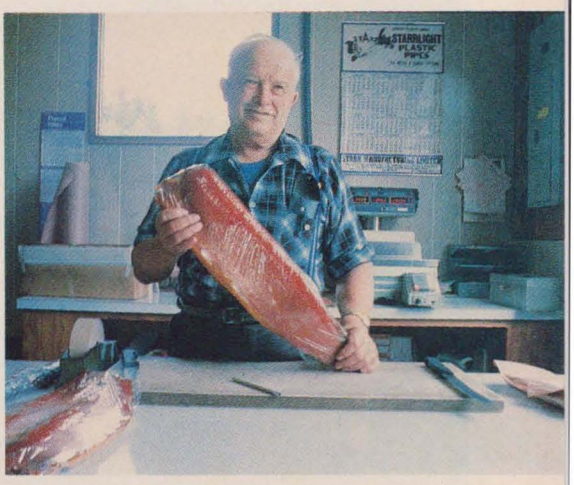


CHERYL LEAN

Krauch: His precious product goes around the world



The tiny, blackened smokehouse is larger now...



....but Willy's remains a small, family business

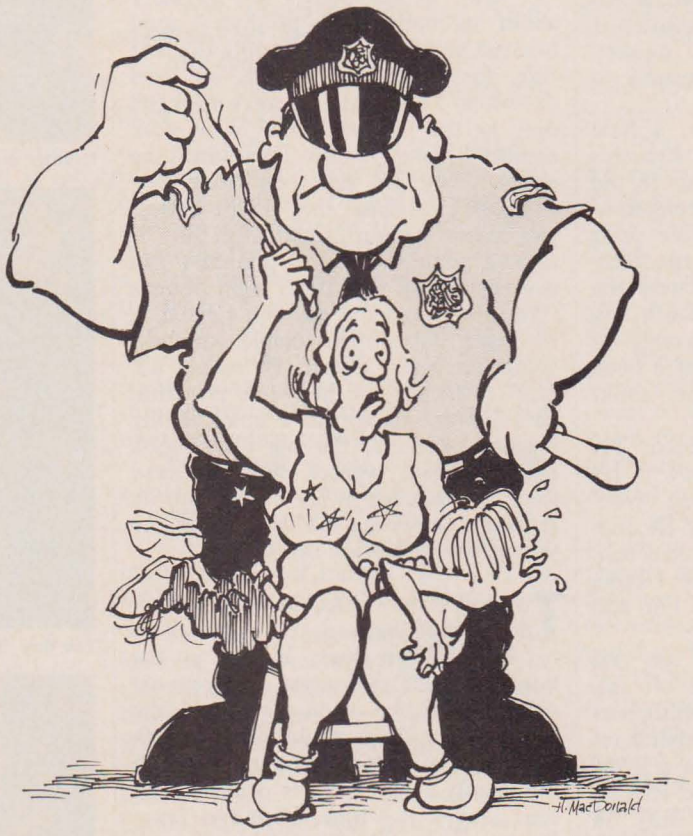
Ray Guy's column



Spare the rod, spoil the brat... er, child

I got only halfway through a newspaper report that spanking has been outlawed in Sweden. The last of our breakable wedding presents had just been tipped off a shelf by the three-year-old and the seven-month-old chortled among the shards. Things done by halves are the rule when you work at home and baby-sit at the same time. The half-smoked cigarette, the half-finished sentence, the half-completed toilette...before the next crash, scream, upchuck or infantile incontinence. And so it was with the startling news from Sweden. By the time I returned to read the other half, the page had been buttered with gobs of slime-green play-dough. The gist, though, is that Swedes are now forbidden by law to spank their offspring.

Nor may they lock their little brutes in or out, threaten, ridicule or humiliate them. The Swedish father when pressed to the limit by his juvenile Nazi, may still scream but only in a generalized way. He may still bang his own head repeatedly against the mantelpiece—but only if the noise does not affright Olaf Jr. But supposing Junior buries poor pussy up to the neck in the lawn and runs at her with the mower. To quote Lenin, "What is to be done?" Lure the little savage into the family Volvo, I suppose, with promises of jelly beans, whisk him over to Norway, and whale the living daylights out of him.



Sweden has ruled that not only must the rod be spared it must also be put into semi-retirement and appear only with a carrot attached to its end. Are kids in Stockholm tarred with a different brush? Our lot would never be swayed by the carrot-on-a-stick method unless, perhaps, it was mashed, buttered and not touching the peas. Swedish parents are now advised to make sure their little vipers have developed "an inner voice" by the time they are three years old, a voice which will tell them "no". These internal transmitters must operate on a higher wattage in Scandinavia than they do here. Give your average Canadian cherub full rein in a candy store, and before his inner voice calls halt, his upper gut will cry heave.

Since it's a new law over there, we'll just have to wait a while to see what happens when the first crop of unchastened Swedes is unleashed on the world. It's a brave experiment but I'd be loath to try it on my own two blessings. Sweet reason alone usually fetches me an upturned bowl of blancmange. So I augment reason with threats of a night in the basement among the giant killer rats. Had I started them from birth on the Swedish method they might not have shown such an early preference for Idi Amin Dada dollies over teddy bears. But I commenced early on the thankless uphill task of casting out the Old Adam and trying to build their resistance to the world, the flesh and the devil and Kellogg's Sugar Pops.

As christening presents they got tiny sterling-silver thumbscrews from Birks. The playpen has searchlights mounted at each corner. I won't say my system is perfect, but the three-year-old is gradually forswearing the practice of squeezing the cat until its ribs overlap while holding it two inches from her infant sister's face. She brushes regularly with a fluoride toothpaste after meals, after snacks and after sinking her bicuspids into the little chap next door. Potty-training was brisk and successful. Give them a goal and they strive mightily. In this case, the goal seems to be a constant supply of material for bathroom murals.

I'm firm but never cruel. I threaten, yes, but the wicked witch who chops off little kiddies' heads is invoked only if I'm at the bottom of the garden when the elder dangles the younger out an upstairs window by her bootie strings. I resort to humiliation only in such stressful circumstances as when a bucket of water is about to be dumped over a TV set to "help Mr. Dressup bathe Finnigan." Then, I scream that the child hasn't the sense God gave a louse.

On occasion, I do lock them in. I expect the Swedes will lose a few out the back door as they motor across to Norway to give them a legal birching. But, then, no system's perfect. Of course, at the other extreme from permissiveness is the constant clout-and-shout method. I recently overheard this exchange between a five-year-old and one of its parents:

"You're gettin' some bat across the mouth when I gets my hands on you, ya saucy streel. I might be drunk but I'm still your mother."

"Shut ya flamin' face, mommie, or I'll knife ya. This is the Year of the Child."

Ten years from now, if that little darling meets one of those unswatted Swedes in a dark alley I wouldn't fancy being caught between them.

14 YEARS AGO THIS MAN BOUGHT HIS VOLVO BECAUSE IT WAS ADVERTISED AS THE 11 YEAR CAR.



14 years ago, Marcel Follens, a tobacco farmer from Delhi, Ontario acquired a valuable piece of machinery. This 1966 Volvo.

He bought it because ads of the time said Volvos were so durable they lasted an average of 11 years in Sweden.

"The car I owned at the time was nowhere near 11 years old and it was already falling apart," Mr. Follens recalls. "Trading it in for my Volvo was one of the smartest things I ever did. I've driven this car a total of 146,000 miles, much of it through my fields on short, dusty runs. Yet, when I take it out on the expressway it still has the power to pass just like it used to. After 14 years, I feel this Volvo and I still have a future together."

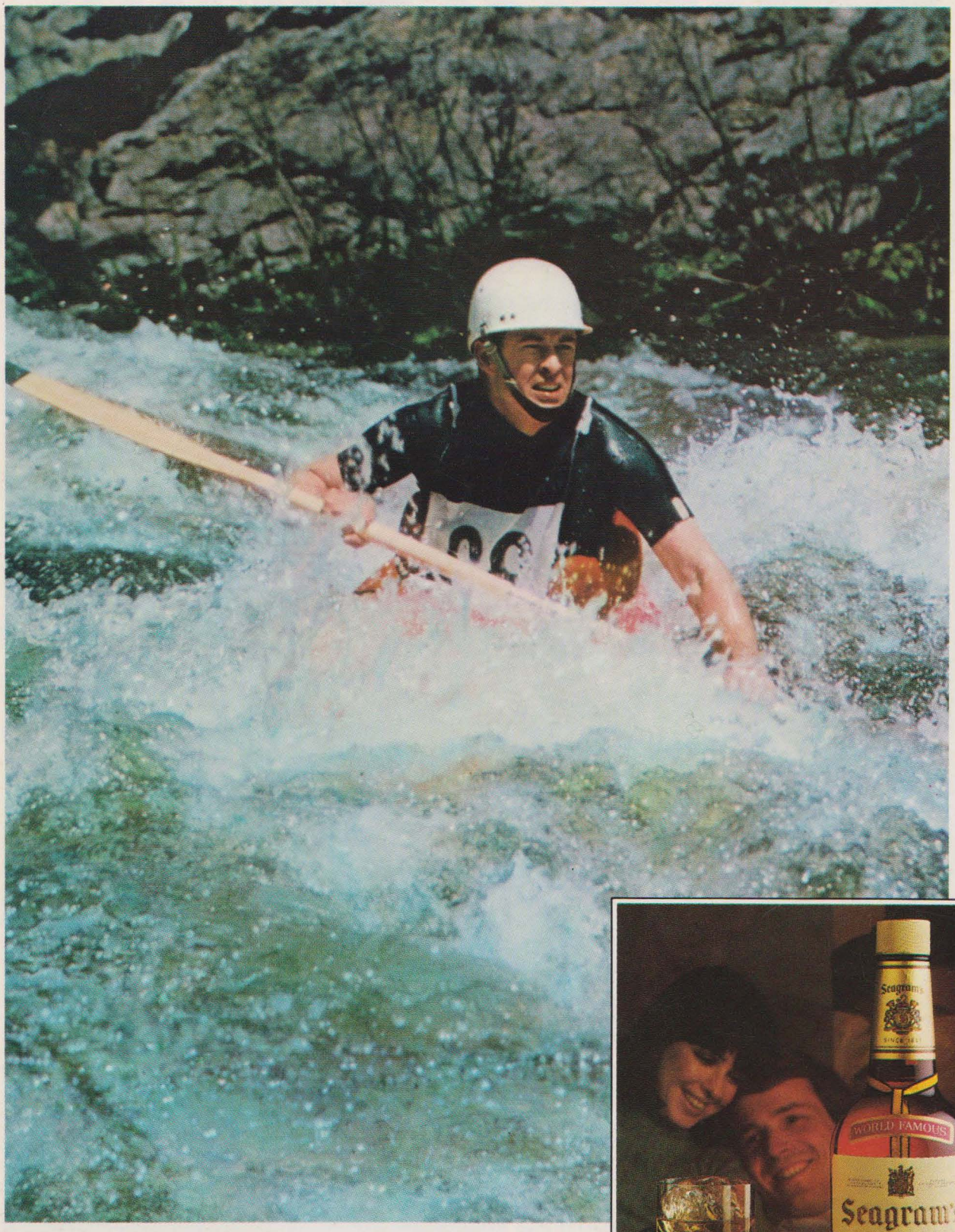
It doesn't take 14 years to love a Volvo. Statistics show that 9 out of 10 people who buy new Volvos are happy too.

So if you're unhappy with your current car, do what Mr. Follens did after reading one of our ads. Buy one of our cars.

VOLVO
A car you can believe in.

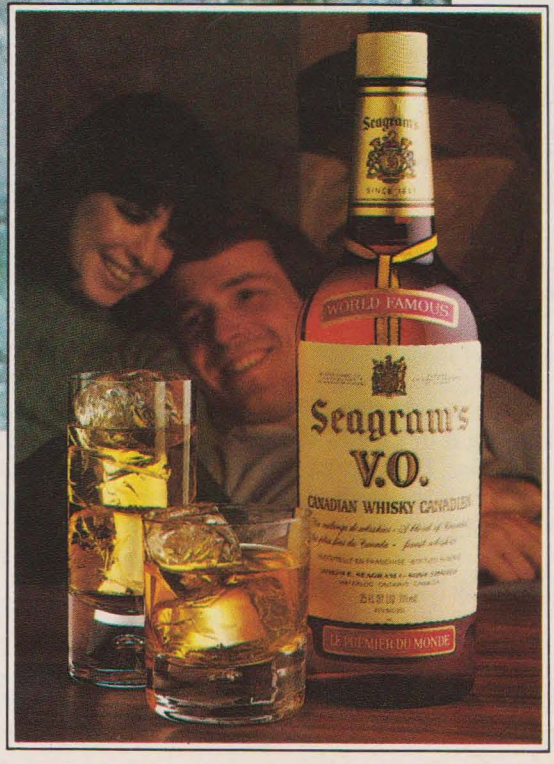


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